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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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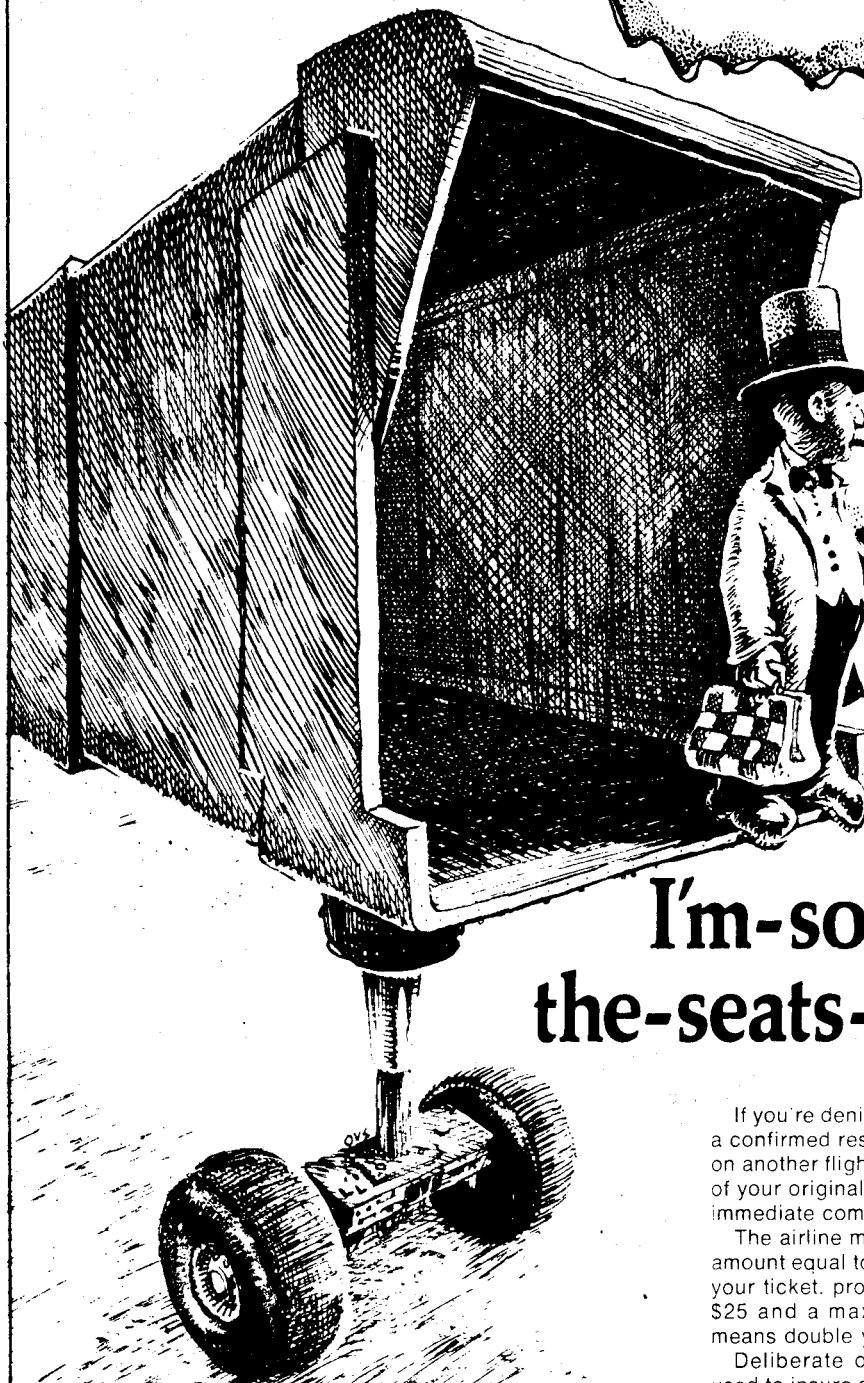
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TRB

from Washington
July 28, 1973

Then and Now

We're going on vacation and would like to leave some thoughts. We've seen some sad things in Washington in our time: the day they buried FDR, and the Negro woman sobbed in the crowd on Pennsylvania Avenue and made us all sob, too; the day they brought back Jack Kennedy's body and we watched the fountain playing behind the White House, a steady stream, something that you could put your hand through, something without substance, but never ending—like democracy.

We've seen stirring things, too: the night we waited under the portico of the White House and watched the grim-faced members of the isolationist Senate Foreign Relations Committee go in and come out after Pearl Harbor, in preparation for the speech next day.

Way back we remember the gas hissing out of the canisters when they drove the bonus veterans out from Hooverville on Pennsylvania Avenue, and a soldier had to come up and lead us down from the second floor of a half-demolished skeleton structure because we were blinded.

We can remember (or think we can) when Albert Fall came in to the marble Caucus Room of the Senate in the Teapot Dome scandal, all shrunk and collapsed; the formerly arrogant secretary of the Interior who scorned the Walsh committee the first time he came.

We can remember Borah standing in front of the lion house at the zoo one fall day and how leonine he looked (like John L. Lewis), and we gave him a lift in our Model T.

Wry things, too: Calvin Coolidge with an Indian headdress on; any speech in the Senate by J. Ham Lewis; the circus midget climbing into the inadequate

lap of J. Pierpont Morgan as a publicity stunt, and he thinking it was a little girl.

Yes and recently, LBJ. What a character he was!—as indigenous a folk figure as little fox terrier Harry Truman; how we interviewed him one time when he was majority leader, and he said nobody was going to treat him like a child-in-arms! And by golly, in an instant he was bounding out of his chair behind his enormous desk in a palatial room that looked like the Sistine Chapel with floating nymphs painted on the ceiling; bounding out of the chair and striding up and down the carpet with arms bent, indignantly rocking an imaginary baby.

The pay in Washington ain't much, but the show's swell. After a while though, things begin to repeat. James McCartney writing in the current *Columbia Journalism Review* wonders how the press let the White House story on Watergate go so long. Well here is the comment of a great reporter, the late Thomas L. Stokes ("Chip Off My Shoulder") looking back at the time he served in the White House press room: "The irony of it all to me—the amazing disclosures that came later—was that we newspapermen at the White House sat, all the time, at the outer gate, so to speak, and had known nothing." Watergate?—no; Teapot Dome of course. McCartney and Stokes agree that the worst place to find out the scandals of an administration is in the White House press room: "the world of Ronald Ziegler," as McCartney puts it, "of the handout, the announcement, the statement, the official view."

Things repeat themselves in other ways. The Supreme Court has just taken another crack, five to four, at deciding what's "obscenity," already causing a Virginia sheriff to discover that the girls in *Playboy* aren't clothed and opening up a probable new chaos of "contemporary community standards." Dear me, we've seen it all before; who's this grim figure stalking about the Senate, offering to show lascivious foreign imports and asking permission to read aloud to his colleagues, in secret session, excerpts from the new novel by D. H. Lawrence, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*? Why tall, dignified, humorless Reed Smoot, to be sure, demanding to save the public morals and inspiring my favorite of all editorial captions, "Smite Smut, Smoot!"

Here's another issue coming up now, so repetitive that I have a file on it, "executive privilege." Yes, the Consti-

tution would practically fall apart if President Nixon invited a Senate committee to the White House to tell what he knows about Watergate, let alone if he went himself to Congress to testify.

Well, old Abe didn't talk much about executive privilege. They set up a committee to watch him in 1861, a group of suspicious, hate-ridden superpatriots ("Radical Republicans" they called them)—the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War. They felt they knew how to run the war better than he did. But he didn't appeal to separation of powers. There was talk of his impeachment. He didn't retreat inside the White House.

One time, according to Carl Sandburg's *Lincoln: The War Years* (Vol. 2), the committee met in secret session to consider Mrs. Lincoln's loyalty. Suddenly, as they sat, the orderly came in with "a half-frightened expression" and, before he could speak, there at the foot of the committee table "standing solitary, his hat in his hand, his form towering, Abraham Lincoln stood." Sandburg says that Lincoln came voluntarily, took oath of family loyalty and departed.

The story may be apocryphal but there's no question that Lincoln met with the committee many times. In *Lincoln Day by Day*, an authoritative chronology issued here in 1960, the President is shown to have conferred personally with the committee 10 times, 1861-64. He didn't fear loss of dignity or constitutional collapse by dealing directly with a committee of Congress.

That's the difference between then and now; it's what we've been mulling over in these pre-vacation musings. The new tone is monarchical; it varies from the bizarre to the berserk. At one minute it's the light-opera uniforms the President proposed for his White House palace guard. At the next it's the sinister suggestion that the people are "children" and that the critics are subversive.

A sympathetic White House witness, under oath, quotes the President's dismay at discovering what practically everyone else already knew: "I have racked my brain. I have searched my mind. Were there any clues I should have seen that should have tipped me off?" Well the answer is yes. Furthermore for the first time in history we've had a quasi-conspiracy to grab an election. And for the first time in history we've had burglars on the White House payroll.

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US Troops In Europe

There are more than 300,000 American servicemen stationed in Europe, two-thirds of them in West Germany, and a quarter of a million of their dependents. Many of them are living in run-down barracks built before World War II. Their presence becomes less acceptable to the local population as relations with the East become easier. In the 28 years since the end of World War II, there has been peace in Western Europe. Confrontations with the Soviet Union that occurred so often in the early postwar years—most notably in Berlin—ended in the early '60s. Since then East and West have moved closer together to establish communication and commerce on a regular basis. West German Chancellor Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik* has reduced tensions in Central Europe. *Pravda*, which for so long characterized the Federal Republic as "revanchist," no longer does. The Soviet Union nowadays seems more interested in exporting natural gas than ultimatums. Not a nuclear exchange, but American wheat for Soviet raw materials is the sort of exchange most people are now talking about. Détente has made NATO "an alliance in search of an enemy."

Two years ago Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield offered an amendment to the Selective Service bill to cut our forces in Europe in half. It was turned down, 61 to 36. A major factor in that defeat was a statement by Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev a few days before the vote, offering to negotiate mutual troop withdrawals with the United States. The timing of Brezhnev's statement was hardly a coincidence, and it helped the Nixon administration defeat the Mansfield amendment. Progress in negotiating European force reductions has been slow, however. Although NATO and Warsaw Pact nations held preliminary talks in Vienna earlier this year on "mutual and balanced force reductions" (MBFR) in Central Europe, these discussions may not bear fruit for several years—if then. The goal of MBFR is modest: a reduction in the size and hence cost of Soviet and American forces in Europe. The negotiations are complex because MBFR is being conducted concurrently with the second phase of the bilateral strategic arms limitation talks (SALT II) in Geneva, and the multilateral Conference on European Security and Cooperation (CESC) that recently opened in Helsinki. This plethora of forums, while emblematic of the general improvement in East-West relations, has created a negotiator's nightmare.

Consider for example the issue of American "forward-based systems" (FBS) in Europe. These tactical fighter and bomber aircraft can deliver enough nuclear weapons on the Soviet Union to destroy about a fifth of its population and industry. From the Soviet point of view these aircraft are strategic weapons that should be weighed in the US-USSR nuclear balance. Washington, however, treats FBS as an element of the European theater, making it an appropriate subject for MBFR. The Soviet Union prefers the larger CESC forum and is reported to have accepted MBFR only after the US agreed to participate in CESC. FBS, then, could conceivably be an agenda item at any or all three conferences. Once the forum is chosen, the harder substantive issue will have to be dealt with. What do the US and its allies want in exchange for cutting back FBS in Central Europe? A reduction in Soviet medium-range bombers? A significant cut in armor concentrations on the Warsaw Pact's western front?

At the Senate Democratic policy conference on March 15 of this year, Sen. Mansfield introduced a resolution calling for a two-thirds slice in the 600,000 US troops based overseas. His resolution was then amended to read "substantially reduced" and was approved by a large margin. The Nixon administration wanted no part of the resolution, amended or not. Henry Kissinger laid down the line on April 23: "The President . . . is adamantly opposed to unilateral withdrawals of US forces from Europe. . . . Our approach to détente stressed that negotiations had to be concrete, not atmospheric, and that concessions should be reciprocal. We expect to carry forward the policy of relaxation of tensions on that basis." This position was solidified by Mr. Nixon on May 3: "Disengaging our forces would risk serious instability in Europe, the consequences of greatly enhanced Soviet influence, and the dangerous implication of a greater reliance on nuclear weapons. . . . We will not withdraw unilaterally." The President's strategy, then, is to keep our present force level as a "bargaining chip" to trade for appropriate withdrawals of Soviet forces from Central Europe. "Should Congress decide on unilateral reductions in conventional forces," Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger lately warned, "the only viable alternative to an initial conventional defense is an early recourse to the use of nuclear weapons."

SUMMER SCHEDULE:

next week's issue will be
omitted, as will the
issue of August 25

And yet there is nothing sacrosanct about our present European force level of 307,000. In 1962, in response to the Berlin crisis, there were 463,000 US troops in Europe. Over the next seven years the US made a 36 percent *unilateral* reduction, resulting in a force of 296,000 in 1969. Indeed even Schlesinger does not suggest that "the present level of United States forces in Europe is immutable"; he simply thinks "unilateral reductions in American troop strength in advance [of an agreement] would inevitably weaken our negotiating position."

Would it? Or would cuts actually speed up the negotiating process? Would not a gradual withdrawal—a policy of "Europeanization"—put America's allies on sharper notice that they must begin to shoulder the major burden of their defense? Moreover, from a military point of view, it is the specter of nuclear war, not a thin line of infantry, which is the basis of deterrence in Europe. Secretary Schlesinger, who was once director of strategic studies at the RAND Corporation, ought to know this; yet he tried to sell the reverse proposition to the NATO defense ministers at their meeting in Brussels this June. The European reaction to Schlesinger's novel thesis was best summed up by Britain's Lord Chalfont, former minister of state. Writing in the *Times* of London he said "the Pentagon still believes that the alliance is strong enough to defend itself against an attack in Europe without recourse to nuclear weapons. It is not surprising that European defense experts at the Brussels meeting looked at each other in almost comic disbelief as their American colleague [Schlesinger] propounded this curious doctrine. If anything more was needed to concentrate the minds of West European statesmen on the need for a fundamental reassessment of their foreign and defense policies, this surely was it."

The United States spends \$17 billion a year on forces in Europe and those located elsewhere that are committed to European defense. This figure excludes the "strategic" nuclear weapons on US bombers, ICBMs and submarines which, along with 7000 "tactical" nuclear weapons in Europe, give NATO its "nuclear shield." The combined defense budgets (1972) of NATO Europe amounted to \$33 billion; the US defense budget was \$79 billion. When defense expenditures are related to gross national product, there is a similar disparity. US defense expenditures amount to 7.5 percent of GNP, whereas those of NATO Europe total 4.2 percent. Furthermore between 1965 and 1972, while US defense spending as a percentage of GNP declined 12 percent, NATO Europe's declined 20 percent.

It goes without saying that our balance of payment problems are aggravated by the large overseas military establishment. The net deficit in the balance of payments resulting from our NATO garrison is \$1.5 billion. While the devalued dollar is making American commercial exports more attractive abroad, the cost of

local goods and services required by the military overseas has gone up as the dollar has gone down. Despite the rhetoric of administration witnesses about getting NATO allies to do their "fair share," the administration's opposition to unilateral troop cuts denies it the principal leverage that could induce our allies to carry a larger part of the burden. The secretary of Defense seems to sense this truth, as the following exchange between him and Rep. Ben Rosenthal (D, NY) suggests:

Rosenthal: "Mr. Secretary, would a congressional resolution calling for a US troop reduction from NATO and/or a greater financial participation of our allies assist you in dealing in your negotiations with our allies?"

Schlesinger: "That is very difficult to answer. It certainly would be more likely to be of assistance if it were unsolicited."

Soviet hegemony over the Warsaw Pact rests in large measure upon Soviet army divisions stationed in Eastern Europe. Likewise American influence in Western Europe, once great in economic and political matters, now rests largely on our forces in NATO. But although these US troops symbolize a commitment to Europe, their size and conventional armament are less important to deterrence than the American nuclear arsenal that backs them up. Our allies clearly do not want their lands to become battlefields; they want to deter war. The best recent illustration of this concentration on deterrence, as distinct from defense, was in the hearings of the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee that were quietly released over the July 14 weekend. Government witnesses indicated that one ally (reportedly West Germany) had refused to allow holes to be dug for nuclear demolition mines that would be used to block an invasion. The mines themselves were *not* the issue because they would be emplaced only if invasion were imminent: Germany was refusing to allow the holes to be dug. What more graphic demonstration is needed of the Europeans' concern with deterring war, not with a "defense" that would cost them millions of casualties?

So we return to the central question: How does an ally prove his commitment? Raising our European force level to 400,000 would no more prove it than a reduction to 200,000 would disprove it. What is important is the European conviction that an attack on Frankfurt, London or Paris would be regarded no differently than an attack on New York, Chicago or Los Angeles. The willingness to have *some* Americans on the front lines in Europe is a symbol of that determination. The United States could begin gradual withdrawals from Europe without endangering the Atlantic alliance and the credibility of the pledge to deter war in Europe. That leaves it to Congress, which the Constitution empowers "to raise and support armies," to exercise its power and reduce our European garrison to a size commensurate with the realities of the '70s.

Deplorable

"It is deplorable that this distinguished Foreign Service officer should be penalized for faithfully carrying out the policies of his government. . . . It is not in the interest of the Foreign Service of the United States that career officers become subject to retribution for diligent execution of their instructions." So responded President Nixon to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's rejection of George McMurtrie Godley, former ambassador to Laos, as assistant secretary of State for East Asian affairs. Never before had the committee taken such action against a candidate for a key position. What was deplorable?

It was "deplorable" for the President, heeding the advice of Henry Kissinger, to have named Godley to the senior post in the first place. Kissinger favored Godley because, in contrast to some other eligible State Department officials, he was least likely to question White House decisions. But by any measure, Godley was conspicuously unqualified. A cheerfully aggressive man of 55, "Mac" Godley has appeared over the years to be more a soldier than a diplomat. He helped arrange the US landings in Lebanon during the Middle East crisis of 1958; during the mid-1960s, while serving as ambassador to the Congo, he was deeply engaged in suppressing the rebellion against Moise Tshombe. Later in Laos he played the major role in coordinating the air strikes that have devastated that pristine land, and at the same time he directed the clandestine activities of the Meo mercenaries and Thai troops who operated under Central Intelligence Agency auspices. Godley behaved with such zeal that he was frequently referred to as The Field Marshal. Given that experience Godley was scarcely suited to a State Department assignment that involves overseeing matters as delicate as, say, trade negotiations with Japan and relations with Taiwan. Significantly the American Foreign Service Association, which represents all State Department employees, declined to endorse the President's view that Godley's rebuff constituted "retribution."

But if the Foreign Relations Committee intended by rejecting Godley to dramatize its opposition to the administration's Indochina strategies, the committee displayed a "deplorable" lack of consistency by supporting equally dubious appointments to Southeast Asian diplomatic positions.

Last month under strong pressure from the White House the committee cleared the nomination as ambassador to South Vietnam of Graham Martin, who was mainly responsible for the construction of US air bases in Thailand when he was envoy there during the 1960s. Earlier this month the committee also approved the appointment of William H. Sullivan as ambassador to the Philippines. As ambassador to Laos Sullivan initiated many of the programs that Godley had continued with enthusiasm. But Sullivan's

nomination was energetically backed by W. Averell Harriman, under whom he worked in years past, and that undoubtedly made a difference.

It might be added too that the Congress continued for years to vote funds for the activities in Laos for which Godley was finally punished. Thus the Godley case was "deplorable" all the way round. He was a poor choice and his rejection was opportunistic. If the President wants to protect the integrity of the Foreign Service, he ought to staff its top echelons with people more noted for competence than fidelity. And if the Senate Foreign Relations Committee wants to exercise its advisory powers properly, it ought to make comprehensive rather than discriminatory judgments.

Selling and Buying

Anticipated or not, last year's \$1.1 billion grain deal with the Soviet Union left Americans with soaring food prices and some serious food shortages. Between July and September of 1972, while the Russians cheaply acquired one-fourth of the US wheat supply, domestic wheat prices jumped from \$1.68 a bushel to \$2.49. The big losers were farmers—uninformed of the sizable Soviet demand—who sold their harvests early for \$1.30 a bushel, and consumers who have been paying through the nose for bread and for meat and dairy products that depend on ever costlier feed grains.

A recent General Accounting Office investigation of the wheat sales makes a case for mismanagement of the wheat deal. The Agriculture Department, ignoring signals of poor crop conditions in Russia, refused to press exporters for details of their Russian grain contracts. Believing that bargain prices were necessary to assure the Soviet sales, USDA subsidized the exporters for the difference between the fixed export price and the steadily rising domestic price. According to the GAO most US companies delayed registration for the subsidies until payments were at their highest rates, reaping substantial profits on sales of grain they had purchased inexpensively many weeks or even months before.

That the exporters turned a subsidy policy to their own advantage is not proof of conspiracy between company officials and the government, and the Justice Department insisted last week that its own investigations had uncovered none. (However the discovery that at least one company filed false reports with Agriculture, concealing the Russian grain sales, merits investigation by USDA and Congress, if not the FBI.)

In any event findings of administrative carelessness should alert the government to the possibility that current US crop export policies could repeat or compound past mistakes. The Department of Agriculture

may not be gauging foreign demand more accurately this year than last. Stating that grain harvests in the USSR are "progressing satisfactorily" toward an estimated output of approximately 197 million tons, USDA recently concluded Russia might need to import five million tons of grain. Meanwhile various news and weather reports from abroad indicate that crop conditions in Russia and Eastern Europe are deteriorating and some Soviet agricultural specialists are predicting a grain harvest of only 186 million tons. There is already speculation, reflected in higher US grain futures prices, that the Soviet Union is preparing to purchase additional grain supplies.

Supporters of a crackdown on US exports have made considerable headway in recent months, arguing that we face an unhappy choice between higher food prices at home and supplying less food abroad. Early in July the Commerce Department announced export controls on 41 commodities—primarily feed grains and protein-rich products—in an effort to cope with food prices driven up by foreign demand. The administration's Phase Four program, while expressing a distaste for "permanent control of exports," retains the present limitations for the remainder of the crop year. Though corn and soybean prices, for instance, have now fallen, reduced exports may bring only temporary domestic price relief. Export controls further restrict foreign uses for American dollars at a time when strengthening the dollar is a major concern. A weaker dollar will force us to pay more for such commonly imported items as coffee, cocoa, sugar and metals—thus worsening inflation at home. Moreover other nations could retaliate and impose export controls of their own, presenting us with a new array of shortages.

Drippings from The Watergate

The Ervin committee, while concentrating on the planning, execution and coverup of the break-in at Democratic Party headquarters in the Watergate Office Building, is instructing us on other matters having to do with politics, government and the mores of Washington.

The fine art of misleading the press and the public.

Richard Moore, the wealthy, gray-haired, 59-year-old special counsel to President Nixon, told the senators of his assisting "the President and his staff in communicating their positions in the most convincing manner to the general public. Since convincing communications depend on having a convincing position to communicate," Moore added, "my job necessarily

involves me in the substance of particular issues in the public eye."

With that as background Moore gave an inside peek into how "convincing communications" was applied in October 1972 to *Washington Post* and *Time* magazine stories. Here is what happened: information had been leaked by government investigators that the President's appointments secretary, Dwight Chapin, had hired an old college friend, Donald Segretti, to conduct sabotage against Democratic presidential candidates in the fall of 1971 and the spring of 1972, for which Segretti was paid \$35,000 by Herbert Kalmbach, the President's lawyer. A *Post* reporter had called the White House press office, prior to publication of the story, and asked for a comment. (In addition to the original leaked information, the *Post* had a deposition from a California friend of Segretti to whom the saboteur had described some of his activities.) The comment then and the comment of White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler after the story appeared was: "hearsay, innuendo and guilt by association," which he would not further "dignify." Ziegler's statement, Moore told the senators, was the product of a White House consultation among himself, Ziegler, Chapin and the President's chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman. They gathered to discuss what "convincing" reply could be made to the upcoming news reports. One of the first things to come out at that meeting was that the substance of the article was correct—Chapin did hire Segretti who was paid by Kalmbach. Moore also stated Chapin wanted to tell the truth and that Moore agreed it should be told. It was never made clear, since Moore was never asked by the senators, why the truth did *not* emerge. Publication of the story came shortly before the election, so the White House had to treat it as a smear.

Moore blandly told the Senate committee that since neither Chapin, Segretti nor Kalmbach was quoted or would comment, the facts in the published story *were* based on hearsay and, in some parts, innuendo. The facts were correct, Moore acknowledged, but Ziegler had never said they weren't; he just implied they weren't by refusing to comment.

Some Washington newsmen last October wrote that Ziegler's refusal to affirm or deny could imply the stories were correct. But that sort of "analysis" is the type of "innuendo" the Nixon administration—and Vice President Agnew—have attacked as irresponsible. In short the Ziegler statement was meant to serve the doctrine of "convincing communications."

The Ervin committee has been treated to other examples of this doctrine. Thus former White House counsel John Dean described the manner in which the White House and the Nixon reelection committee persistently denied any advance knowledge of the Watergate break-in. The line was: no one other than the five men caught inside Democratic headquarters plus the other two men directly on the scene, knew an

entry was to be made on June 17. If a newsman thought he was asking about planning for the break-in or the earlier successful entry when the bugs were planted, the response of Nixon spokesmen was limited to denying the specific events of June 17. Dean also described how the White House got around admitting the existence of a "secret" cash fund under the control of Haldeman, even though \$350,000 had been placed in a bank prior to April 7, 1972, from the reelection committee's campaign cash. Since the fund was no "secret" to the White House, Dean explained, it could not be accurately called "secret," and so any story terming it "secret" could be denied. But perhaps the best example of "convincing communications" was Moore's own presence before the Ervin committee. His message was simple: "it is my deep conviction . . . that the critical facts about the Watergate did not reach the President until . . . March 21, 1973." In two days of questioning Moore displayed remarkable forgetfulness, not only of past dates but also of events that put his basic message in doubt. For instance his opening statement failed to refer to a meeting he had with the President April 19, 1973, at which Moore revealed his own knowledge of the Ellsberg psychiatrist burglary. He did not say whether the President had prior knowledge of that event. The President did know, it turns out. But Moore said, "I have long since learned not to try to draw impressions from the President in that fashion." So Moore could not hazard a guess about what the President knew about the Ellsberg matter, but the doctrine of "convincing communications" permitted him to assert sweepingly that the President did not know about the Watergate affair and the coverup.

What limits are there on the use of campaign funds?

Herbert W. Kalmbach, the President's personal lawyer, fund-raiser and cash dispenser testified to numerous uses for contributions. Though the 1968 Nixon pre-convention donors may have thought they were giving to help their man get the GOP nomination or later win the election, more than \$1 million of that money collected five years ago went for such things as support of George Wallace's 1970 gubernatorial opponent in Alabama and the private investigative services from 1969 through 1972 of a former New York City policeman who was under the direction of White House aides John Ehrlichman and John Dean. And at least \$75,000 that had been contributed with the understanding it would go to the 1972 Nixon reelection effort was used instead as support money for the Watergate defendants. Recent reports from the Nixon reelection committee disclose that over \$50,000 in 1972 contributions is paying for lawyers defending former committee officials Jeb S. Magruder, a confessed perjurer, and Maurice Stans, indicted by a New York grand jury in a case stemming from the handling of a \$200,000 cash donation.

Kalmbach said that he held the 1968 surplus funds in trust. But in trust for whom? Should any rules be

set on what is done with campaign gifts? Should surpluses be returned?

Can you trust taped conversations?

The disclosure that all the President's conversations in the Oval Office and Executive Office Building were tape-recorded, along with his telephone calls, has led to the supposition that these tapes could be the final arbiter of what the President knew and when he knew it. Though it is doubtful that the White House will release the tapes, the possibility remains that some arrangement could be worked out permitting review of discussions pertinent to the investigation. But who then will listen to the tapes to determine their relevance to the Senate inquiry? Who will make the selections? Who will certify that disclosed portions of tapes released are complete, if the entire conversation is not released? It is difficult to fake tapes, but they can be cut or blurred. As an illustration of the suspicions that can arise, take the recorded March 28, 1973 conversation between John Ehrlichman and then-Attorney General Richard Kleindienst. The coverup, or at least John Dean's part in the coverup, was wearing thin. A week earlier on March 21 Dean had told the President the awful truth, including his suspicion that Mitchell knew of the Watergate wire-tapping project before it was carried out. The Ehrlichman-Kleindienst conversation—taped without the attorney general's knowledge—brings out that the President wanted to be informed privately if the Justice Department received any "evidence or inferences from evidence" on Mitchell. However intriguing that is, it may only indicate the President's concern about his friend, nothing more. Twice, however, the participants' voices went inaudible. A reading of the transcript shows that on both occasions the discussion was about the President and Mitchell. The first time Ehrlichman had just passed on the President's request for a "private communication" if Kleindienst had information about Mitchell. "Now he . . ." the conversation goes on, and then turns inaudible. It picks up with Kleindienst talking about perjury and the fact that others had testified under oath and that this would create "a very serious problem" if Mitchell or any of these guys know about it. . . . The second sound failure came in the midst of Kleindienst's reference to Mitchell's being brought back before the grand jury. "You have to do it in this case," he told Ehrlichman, and then the tape is inaudible though the phrase "quite a limitation imposed on us John" is heard. Was this tape that Ehrlichman turned over to the committee doctored? Could others including those from the White House be made inaudible at key points?

The quality of the Ervin committee investigation.

Bright lights, an appreciative audience and television cameras give the hearings a theatrical quality, but is it good theater? Occasionally. Good theater has high and

low points, heroes and villains, occasional comic relief. A serious factual investigation such as this may have none of these. Strong drama needs a clear plot line the audience can follow, as well as dramatic tension and some arresting language. By and large the questioning has been weak. The senators often do not follow through and their questions are sometimes as rambling and vague as the answers they elicit. When the staff counsels have their turns they seem pressed for time, apprehensive over holding up the stars—the senators—who are waiting to go on. For instance, John Mitchell testified that a June 20, 1972 telephone conversation with the White House, logged by him as occurring at 6 pm, was the *only* time the President asked him what had happened and what he knew. Mitchell said that during that conversation he apologized to the President about not keeping tighter control over his staff, but he didn't tell Mr. Nixon about the involvement of others (except for five who'd been arrested) because he, Mitchell, had no further information. He also testified that he learned all about Watergate and the White House "horrors" only when his two aides, Frederick LaRue and Robert Mardian briefed him on a conversation they had with ringleader G. Gordon Liddy. And that briefing, testified Mitchell, came well *after* he spoke to the President on June 20.

LaRue was subsequently asked by the committee about that meeting he had had with Liddy. LaRue described in full Liddy's account of the operation and who was part of it. Committee chief counsel Sam Dash then asked LaRue *when* he relayed this Liddy information to Mitchell. On June 20, LaRue replied "in the afternoon or evening." The exact time was critical. Was it before the President's 6 pm call to Mitchell? Dash never inquired.

Mitchell, during his three days of testimony, set forth an entirely new rationale for his actions, and neither the staff questions nor those by the senators budged him. He switched the focus away from the illegal Watergate operation—where he had responsibilities—to something he termed the "White House horrors," for which he had no responsibility. When Mitchell said he did not have to cover up, because the coverup was already well publicized by the press, the committee never reminded him that throughout the election campaign he and other Nixon spokesmen vehemently denied any responsibility for or ties to the burglary and bugging. The senators were more intent on faulting Mitchell for having been a faithless friend than for having himself connived in wrongdoing.

If the hearings were sharper, crisper, tougher, would they be more convincing to the audience? Perhaps not. For it is the image of sincerity, however humbling, that comes across and so Sam Ervin becomes a folk hero. The very inefficiency of the questioners, the occasional errors and the high-minded though irrelevant pronouncements may add to the committee's credibil-

ity, convincing the public of its honesty and unmalicious intent. And so in the end the hearings persuade and the job of relentless questioning is left to Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox.

Walter Pincus

The Nixon Watch

Truth and Tapes

A reporter who noticed that the President cancelled one of his announced appointments on July 12 and postponed another one from morning to afternoon asked Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren whether there was any reason for the changes. Warren said later that he knew at the time that the President wasn't feeling well. But he didn't say so when he answered the question at that day's briefing for the White House press corps. He said instead that "the President has adjusted his schedule so he can spend time this morning discussing various matters with members of his staff." Several other answers and a run of routine announcements gave an impression that Mr. Nixon was, if anything, busier than usual in his West Wing office and no hint whatever that he was in fact taking it easy in his living quarters in the executive mansion, fighting off the viral pneumonia that compelled him to enter the Bethesda Naval Hospital in suburban Maryland that night. Warren said eight times, in slightly different ways, that the skeptical reporters in his audience could be sure that "the information I give you is accurate information." In a reference to the impact of the Watergate scandals on White House credibility, he also mentioned "the differences in climate that we find ourselves in now" and continued: "I think those differences make it even more vital that the information we provide you be accurate, and make us even more cognizant of our responsibilities."

It was important to the President and to Warren's immediate boss, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler, that the reporters who regularly cover the White House be persuaded that they were getting accurate information and that the deputy press secretary was in a position to give accurate and authoritative information. It was important because Ziegler's record of evasion and deception in dealing with questions about and arising from the Watergate affair had convinced the President, as long ago as last December, that he should get himself a spokesman who would have a credibility with the working press that neither he, the President, nor Ziegler had by the end of 1972. The obvious solution would seem to have been to fire Ziegler and maybe Warren and bring in a new White House press staff.

For reasons that tell a lot about Mr. Nixon, the Nixon White House and the Kafkaesque mix of circumstances and motives that make the place what it is, this was not the President's solution. He is devoted to Ziegler and, by making Ziegler an assistant to the President as well as press secretary, he has shown that he appreciates Ziegler's utter devotion to him. It is also possible that he knows that Ziegler could blow the whistle on the extent of the President's involvement in the Watergate mess and on the President's responsibility for Ziegler's endeavors to conceal any involvement there may have been. On the record to date this is only a possibility and the fact that it is noted here is just one more indicator of the corrosive suspicions that Watergate engenders. A more relevant fact is that both the President and Ziegler appear to realize that the reporters who frequent the White House press room credit Gerald Warren with an innate respect for accurate information and the obligation to provide it that they don't perceive in Ron Ziegler. Warren, aged 42, is a former journalist and a rather sedate fellow. Ziegler, aged 34, is a bouncy and (to me, anyhow) likeable type who came to Mr. Nixon's service and the White House from an advertising agency. But their respective backgrounds are incidental to the main point that Warren appears to prefer the truth and Ziegler appears to fear it.

Why then didn't the President transfer Ziegler completely to other duties and designate Warren the press secretary—a course that has been recommended to him by Melvin Laird, his new counsellor for domestic affairs, and by John Connally, his temporary special adviser, among others? This is where we go straight to Kafka country. Precisely because Ziegler is totally and ineradicably identified with the Watergate deceptions, Mr. Nixon is determined that Ziegler keep the title and perform fewer and fewer of the duties of press secretary, while Warren performs more and more of them. The alternative and logical course would, in the President's clearly indicated opinion, constitute a confession of past fault on his part and a concession to his critics that he isn't prepared to make. "They will never get *that* pound of flesh," the President has said several times to Ziegler, referring to the critics. So Ziegler retains the title, makes the big announcements and enjoys a close and increasing access to the President that Warren, handling more and more of the routine briefings and gradually trying to establish himself as the regular presidential spokesman, also needs but probably never will get. Much of the long briefing session on July 12 was taken up with Warren's efforts to convince the reporters that he has the access he needs and their expressions of doubt that he either has it or, if he had it, would be permitted as Richard Nixon's spokesman to dispense the truth in matters large and small that he is inclined by nature and prior training to prefer. It's a messy solution, indeed no solution at all, to the minor portion of the

President's credibility problem that a press secretary can resolve. But it's the solution chosen by Mr. Nixon and the one he's likely to stick to in the foreseeable future.

It was Ziegler, for instance, who went to the hospital with the President and, at televised briefings there, managed the medical testimony that Mr. Nixon really was ill (as he was) and not, as some people who were susceptible to the Watergate atmosphere suggested, faking illness in order to get away from Watergate troubles and pressures for a few days. Warren appeared with Treasury Secretary George Shultz at the White House when he announced the details of the President's Phase Four economic policy. Ziegler's deputy, one may be sure, will be the spokesman who usually handles the difficult questions that the new combination of tightened and relaxed controls is bound to raise and makes the best he can for the President of the evidence, if there is any, that Phase Four is at least slowing the Nixon inflation.

A White House colleague of Ziegler and Warren to whom I mentioned the Kafka atmosphere in which they all function retorted that it's really "a Kafka-Kaufman atmosphere." He was referring to George S. Kaufman, the late and zany playwright, and suggesting that the Nixon White House is shot through with intermingled tragedy, comedy and all the contradictions that beset the human condition there and elsewhere. My friend's remark was induced by the disclosure at Senator Ervin's Watergate hearings that four of Mr. Nixon's business telephones, two of his offices and the Cabinet room had been wired for secret recording of everything said on the telephones and in the bugged

presidential precincts since the spring of 1971. Secret recording was not unknown in the Kennedy and Johnson times, it turned out, but nothing like or approaching the Nixon system of covert eavesdropping on a President's associates and callers had previously been attempted or heard of. The immediate and serious question was whether the President would release to the Ervin committee the recordings that in theory might prove once and for all whether he was as ignorant of the Watergate malpractices of some of his assistants and other associates as he says he was before last March 21. The indications on July 18 were that he wouldn't release the tapes, knowing though he and his White House lawyers do that his refusal to do so would be taken to be a conclusive admission of otherwise unadmitted guilt.

There are, however, a couple of secondary points about the recordings that shouldn't be overlooked. One of the points is that some of the tapes in question were played back and drawn upon by the lawyers and others who helped Mr. Nixon draft his May 22 statement of innocence, ignorance and denial. Another point is that the choice of material from these particular recordings was very selective indeed. It had to be highly selective, for the President's purposes, because the evidence on the tapes was mixed and confusing. Some of it supported the President's contentions and recollections. Some of it, often on the same tape, could be interpreted if read alone to dispute his contentions and make him out a liar. Absolute truth, I am told, is no more likely to be found in the Nixon tapes, even if they were released to the Ervin committee, than it is to be found elsewhere in the Watergate welter.

John Osborne

Arco, Exxon and BP Think It's Theirs Whose Alaskan Oil?

by Muriel Allen and Richard Levy

Hidden beneath tons of testimony, studies and rhetoric on the proposed \$3.5 billion pipeline for Alaskan oil, the hottest untapped issue lies buried—a potential antitrust violation in the oil industry unmatched since

the 1930s, when Saudi Arabia's vast oil reserves fell into the hands of four cooperating companies. The biggest oil field ever discovered on the North American continent, Prudhoe Bay, has "proved" reserves, by conservative estimates, of 10 billion barrels of oil. Common industry opinion puts the figure at over 30 billion barrels. The 10 billion barrels is about 28 percent of the total known reserves of the entire US, in-

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cluding those at Prudhoe.

Only three companies control the immense field, and they are tied together in agreements which eliminate any competition among themselves in the production of the oil. Atlantic Richfield (Arco), Exxon (formerly Humble Oil) and British Petroleum (BP) own about 95 percent of the proven reserves destined for the pipeline. They have agreed to share equally all leases and exploratory data. Together they will set the rate of production. The same three oil giants are the largest owners of the pipeline, holding 81.7 percent of it. The four other owners are Mobil, Phillips, Union and Amerada Hess. Before a nonowner company will tow a drilling rig up the Bering Sea to the Arctic North Slope it will have to know that it can get any new oil it may find to market. It will have to get assurance of shipping space in the Alaskan line from the owners. It is doubtful that space will be granted nonowners on the same terms as to the seven owners.

The anti-competitive agreements and the control of the pipeline will give the companies power to raise crude oil prices above already high levels, regardless of supply and demand. When crude prices go up, prices rise on refined products such as gasoline and home heating oil. The restrictive agreements will bring fat excess profits to the owners, far beyond a fair return on their investment. Alaskan oil will sell initially for a price over three times the cost, and go up from there. Multiply these profits by at least the 10 billion barrels estimate and the excess profit will be \$28 billion.

Although Congress is debating reform of rights-of-way laws for federal lands that would remove one obstacle to construction of the Alaskan pipeline, it has so far failed to delve deeply into the antitrust aspects of the line. A few members in both houses, however, have perceived the problems and have started to attack them. Sen. Philip A. Hart, chairman of the Senate antitrust and monopoly subcommittee, is in the process of seeking both a report from the Justice Department and an antitrust review of Alaskan oil from the Federal Trade Commission. The FTC staff has just completed the first phase of its investigation into oil industry business practices. The investigation turned up strong evidence that the major oil companies, aided by bad government policies, have been able to engage in cooperative rather than competitive conduct at all levels of the industry. The report indicated that the firms are using current gasoline shortages to eliminate competition from the independent small distributors and retailers, to raise the price to the consumer, and to increase their relative shares of production, refining and marketing. Two of the firms named in the FTC investigation, Arco and Exxon, are two of the three main owners of the Prudhoe oil and the Alaskan pipeline. In the House Rep. Robert Kastenmeier has requested a report from Attorney General Elliot Richard-

son on the progress of the Justice Department's investigation into Alaskan oil, already four years old, with no action announced. Kastenmeier has also written to the board chairman of Arco, BP and Exxon asking for copies of their agreements concerning Prudhoe oil. Both Sen. Floyd Haskell and Rep. Donald Fraser have offered measures prohibiting an owner of a pipeline from shipping his own oil through it—a long step toward divesting pipelines from production and refining. The FTC staff noted that the major oil companies' ownership of pipelines gives them an important instrument of control over crude oil produced by the independent producer and needed by the independent refiner. Sen. Henry Jackson, a strong proponent of the Alaskan pipeline, has agreed to work with Sen. Haskell on such a measure. Several members of Congress have offered proposals that would prohibit a company from engaging in more than one of the four major sectors of the petroleum business—production, refining, transportation and marketing. Sen. Jackson has ordered the Senate permanent subcommittee on investigations to investigate the FTC staff allegations. The FTC has issued a complaint against the eight largest oil firms alleging unlawful monopoly in their refining operations. A government antitrust suit could force the firms to get out of refining. But court intervention in the Alaskan pipeline project may be weakened by Senate passage July 17 of a rights-of-way law blocking new environmental challenges to construction of the line.

In 1964 Exxon and Arco joined in the exclusionary contract mentioned above known as the Arctic Slope Agreement. This contract states that if either firm ever wants to sell all or part of its interest, it must offer the sale to the other before selling it to anyone else. Besides this agreement between Exxon and Arco, BP had arrangements with the old Sinclair company for joint rights in the Prudhoe area. In 1969 Arco acquired Sinclair and Sinclair's joint rights with BP. So through Arco, all three owners of the Alaskan oil are tied together in agreements which severely limit competition among them. Some restriction of competition is mandated by Alaskan law, which sets an upper limit on the rate of production for conservation of resources. The state also requires the owners to develop and operate the oil field as if only one person owned it. In both cases, however, the agreements will tend to restrict competition much more than state statutes require.

Ownership of the pipeline which will carry the oil from Prudhoe Bay to the Port of Valdez on Alaska's south coast is critical, because the line will be the only economical, year-round means of transporting the oil to the continental US. The rights to Alaskan oil and its production held by companies other than the three already named will have almost no value if access to the line is denied. The Mineral Leasing Act of 1920 requires that pipelines such as the Alaskan line

that cross federal lands be "common carriers." This means that a line must transport petroleum for others besides the owners without discrimination as to access or rates. But the unusual form of ownership of the Alaskan line will divide the pipeline's capacity among its seven owners. In effect the line will be seven lines with no one else having a contractual claim to "space"; that is a specified share of the capacity. The Interstate Commerce Commission Act does state that all shippers are to have equal access to a common carrier pipeline; thus a line which guarantees space to owners but not to outsiders seems to violate the duty of a common carrier. But experience with other lines owned by the same companies that control the Alaskan pipeline gives little ground for optimism that the common carrier status will be honored in the Alaskan project.

During an investigation into jointly owned pipelines held in June 1972 by the House Small Business Committee, Robert L. Wright, a former Justice Department antitrust specialist, testified that "in legal theory [jointly owned pipelines] furnish transportation without discrimination among shippers and . . . only at published rates. In practice they do neither." The committee found that Colonial Pipeline, owned by five of the same companies which own the Alaskan line, had discriminated against two outside shippers by burdening them with excess requirements which raised the cost of their shipments considerably. Privately refiners tell of being excluded from pipelines owned by members of the Alaskan group. By control of the line from Prudhoe, the owners will have enormous leverage on who can develop Alaskan oil and gas reserves, at what speed, and at what profit to others. One of the outside shippers could well be the US government, which has a stake in the North Slope because the area includes the 73,000 square mile Naval Petroleum Reserve Number Four. The government will have to ask the owners of Prudhoe reserves if it can use their pipeline if it wants to move oil from "Pet Four" south, and it may be charged dearly for the service.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has authority to investigate illegal mergers involving pipelines and the management of pipelines, and it can ask Congress for new legislation granting it broader powers. But neither the ICC nor the Justice Department has shown any inclination to insure that the Alaskan line is organized as a common carrier. The White House is solidly behind the companies' proposal for the Alaskan line.

The impact of Alaskan oil on the California crude oil market will be striking because the three biggest owners of the North Slope reserves—Exxon, Arco and BP—own or control at least three-fourths of the proved reserves in California and Alaska, if the recently discovered field off Santa Barbara is included. In a

free market a large new supply of cheaper oil would drive down crude prices set by less efficient producers, but California prices will not fall when the state gets Alaskan oil because there will be almost no competition among the Alaskan producers.

The owners of the Alaskan oil have disclosed that when their oil flows into California, crude oil prices will rise although the cost of Alaskan oil, delivered to California, should be much lower than the current prices for crude similar to that from Prudhoe. These prices range between \$2.90 and \$3.25 per barrel. In the oil industry, as volume increases costs fall quickly. The Alaskan pipeline will be the largest in the US. With prolific wells, the large line and supertankers, the owners will be able to move the product very cheaply. The companies themselves say exploration and drilling on the North Slope could cost six or seven times as much as that in California, but production will be 500 or more times higher than that of an average California well.

M. A. Adelman, professor of economics at MIT and the leading authority on the cost of producing crude oil, calculates the cost of producing a barrel of oil in Alaska at between 18 cents and 26 cents. This cost includes a 20 percent return on investment for the companies. Similarly the cost per barrel of the pipeline should be 55 cents and the tankers about 26 to 32 cents a barrel. In both cases this will allow the firms a 10 percent return on investment. So the total cost per barrel of oil delivered to California before royalties and taxes should be under \$1.20. But the Alaska group expects to sell it for \$3.85 per barrel initially and \$4.22 per barrel by the fifth year of operation. Relief from imported oil will be limited because the influence of Exxon and BP alone on world supply is sufficient to keep foreign oil from competing with the supply in Alaska.

Many oilmen believe that Alaska will ultimately yield more than three times the amount of oil already discovered. The potential for profits is immense and the beneficiaries will probably be as few as the treasure is great unless Congress and the courts intercede. More oil could be produced more rapidly at a lower price if more competitors were developing the area. Either action by the courts or legislation is needed to override the restrictive agreements of the Alaska group and prohibit any producing company from owning the pipeline.

A conversation between Senator Haskell, a strong proponent of tough antitrust enforcement, and Senator Hansen, an advocate of the Alaska group's pipeline proposal, sums up the matter. Haskell asked, "Why can't we get an independent carrier for Alaskan oil?" Hansen replied, "Because there's so much risk involved." "What risk?" Haskell asked. "With a 10 billion barrel field and an exclusive market? Give me a franchise and I'll resign from the Senate and run the operation."

Constitutional Questions

The Cloak of Immunity

by Nathan Lewin

In the latest round of exchanges between President Nixon and the Ervin committee over the President's personal susceptibility to the committee's jurisdiction, Mr. Nixon has come down hard on his constitutional duty to preserve the "separation of powers" among the three branches of government. The President cannot be compelled, says he, to appear before a congressional committee or to produce papers on subpoena, because that would subject the presidency to the desires of the federal legislature and would be inconsistent with "the powers and prerogatives of the presidency." When the committee learned that secret recordings had been made of the President's meetings in the Oval Office and in the Executive Office Building, it tried to discover from a deputy director of the Secret Service who had custody of and access to the tapes. The interview was foreclosed by a presidential order to Secret Service agents prohibiting "testimony to congressional committees concerning matters observed or learned while performing protective functions for the President or in their duties at the White House." Senator Ervin calls this "a plea of executive privilege"; Mr. Nixon insists that it is simply part of the separation of powers.

Separation is of course a two-way proposition. One would suppose that if in their wisdom the framers of the Constitution intended to place the President personally, along with his tapes, beyond the subpoena powers of the legislature and the judiciary, they would have wanted the same protection to be given to each of the three separate branches. In fact the letter written by Harry Truman to the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1953 — on which Mr. Nixon relied to the exclusion of all other precedent and reasoning in his reply of July 6 to the Ervin committee — made exactly the sauce-for-the-goose-is-sauce-for-the-gander point by quoting from an 1879 Judiciary Committee report that said: "The executive is as independent of either house of Congress as either house of Congress is independent of him, and they cannot call for the records of his actions, or the action of his officers against his consent, any more than he can call for any of the journals or records of the House or Senate."

There is in our constitutional history very little on precisely how far a court may go to bring a President

before it involuntarily. In these pages — and elsewhere — there has been much discussion of the Supreme Court's June 1972 reference to a prosecutor's apparent authority to issue a grand jury subpoena to the President "in proper circumstances" and to the classic decision of Chief Justice John Marshall on Aaron Burr's request to compel the production of letters written to the President (*TNR*, June 9, 1973). There is even less formal recorded documentation however of how Presidents and congressional committees have interacted on this issue.

But if President Nixon's separation-of-powers argument is correct, the President can claim only the same kinds of immunities from personal appearance or production of documents that Congress would be entitled to if he wanted what they have. And there is no shortage of authoritative and binding constitutional precedent on what may be lawfully demanded by the executive and the judiciary of senators or representatives.

On the same day in June 1972 that it decided the newsman's privilege cases that included the reference to the President's susceptibility to grand jury subpoena, the Supreme Court ruled in two cases *against* congressional separation-of-powers claims that were strikingly similar to the argument now being put forward, on behalf of the presidency, by Mr. Nixon. In the case of Senator Mike Gravel of Alaska the Justice Department was investigating, through a Massachusetts grand jury, the circumstances of Gravel's midnight reading of the Pentagon papers and their subsequent publication by Beacon Press, a Massachusetts publisher. The question put to the Court was whether Senator Gravel's assistant could be subpoenaed by a federal grand jury and compelled to testify about publication of the papers. Justice Byron White, speaking for himself and the four Nixon appointees, went beyond the issue presented by the government and ruled that even the senator himself could be called by a grand jury and asked about his own sources of information if they are "relevant to investigating possible third party crime." Rejecting the claim that congressmen could not constitutionally be harassed by inquiries into the background of legislative action, Justice White said, in language that is readily adaptable to President Nixon's constitutional contention, that the constitutional shield "provides no protection for criminal conduct threatening the security of the person or property of others, whether performed at the

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direction of the senator in preparation for or in execution of a legislative act or done without his knowledge or direction." The Constitution, said the Court majority, does not "immunize senator or aide from testifying at trials or grand jury proceedings involving third-party crimes where the questions do not require testimony about or impugn a legislative act."

Another ruling on the same day concerning former Senator Daniel Brewster of Maryland was written by Chief Justice Warren Burger for a majority consisting of the Nixon appointees together with Justices Stewart and Marshall. It involved the criminal prosecution of Brewster for having received a bribe to influence his action on postal rate legislation. Brewster's lawyers had successfully persuaded the trial judge that such an indictment necessarily put in question his motives for legislative action—a subject that is constitutionally protected. Chief Justice Burger ruled "Taking a bribe is, obviously, no part of the legislative process or function; it does not matter whether the promise for which the bribe was given was for the performance of a legislative act as here, or . . . for use of a congressman's influence with the Executive Branch. And an inquiry into the purpose of a bribe 'does not draw into question the legislative acts of the defendant member of Congress or his motives for performing them.'" The Constitution "does not prohibit inquiry into activities which are casually or incidentally related to legislative affairs but not a part of the legislative process itself." Mr. Brewster was put to trial and convicted.

The *Gravel* and *Brewster* decisions are even more powerful precedents against President Nixon's position than the above summary discloses since the Court was dealing in those cases with an *explicit* constitutional immunity. We can only surmise what the Founding Fathers thought of the issue now being debated—that is whether a President's actions regarding particular irregularities in his administration may be investigated by calling him as a witness before the Congress or a grand jury. But the constitutional framers were entirely clear on the immunity they wanted to give to Congress. They said, in describing the prerogatives of members of the Senate and House, that "for any speech or debate in either house, they shall not be questioned in any other place." And it was the explicit Speech and Debate Clause immunity—which has always been broadly interpreted to preserve the independence of the legislature—that the Supreme Court read in June 1972 as inapplicable to personal testimony regarding "third-party crimes" and as no shield against prosecution for acts "casually or incidentally related to legislative affairs."

That is precisely what the entire Watergate affair involves. By shielding his records and tapes the President is not securing against a prying Congress the internal workings of legitimate executive functions; he is cloaking "third-party crimes" and conduct

that is executive only in the sense that it was performed in the White House. A robbery on the White House lawn does not become an executive function merely because it occurs at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue; nor do unconstitutional invasions of privacy, obstructions of justice, perjury and other forms of misfeasance come within even the broadest definition of legitimate executive powers. That is one reason why Mr. Nixon's use of former President Truman's 1953 refusal to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee is so inappropriate. In that situation—after a flurry of headlines sparked by Attorney General Brownell's announcement that Truman had appointed a Communist spy to a high government post—the House committee subpoenaed the former President to force him to testify as to the reasons for the appointment. Appointing executive branch officers is a proper function of the President, and any inquiry into his motives would interfere with what some courts have viewed as his exclusive prerogative. But in Watergate there is no legitimate executive function at stake, and there is no policy reason to sustain a privilege.

If the attorney general had as much evidence that Senator Ervin had participated in or witnessed crimes as the Select Committee now has regarding President Nixon, he could, under the Supreme Court's rulings, require Ervin to testify and produce documents before a grand jury notwithstanding the separation of powers. It is difficult to understand on what basis Mr. Nixon can claim greater immunity from Senator Ervin's demands than Ervin could from the President's.

The committee may not of course demand the tapes of *all* conversations in the Oval Office. Such a broad request would cover conferences on lawful executive duties being performed by the President. The informal request made by the committee on July 17 was not so sweeping. Senator Ervin said he wanted "records and tapes which are relevant to the matters which the committee is authorized to investigate." The Senate resolution limits the committee's power to "illegal, improper or unethical activities . . . in the presidential election of 1972." Recordings of conversations discussing "illegal, improper or unethical activities"—at least while they are going on and before they have been publicly discovered—would probably not be within even an expansive view of lawful presidential duties. The committee will have to refine its request even more if it intends to serve a subpoena; surely the testimony it has heard enables it to pinpoint specific conversations by time, place and participants. A court should not find it difficult to order compliance with so detailed a request. And the breathless pace through the courts taken by litigation instituted by John Mitchell a little more than two years ago—the lawsuits against *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* over publication of the Pentagon papers—demonstrates that the judiciary can work quickly when it has to.

Rustication and Redemption

China Journal—IV

by Stanley Karnow

One of the more fascinating features of the political scene here in China, it seems to me, is the leniency shown by Chinese leaders toward their rivals. Unlike Stalin, who slaughtered real or imagined adversaries by the millions, Mao Tse-tung has rarely liquidated his enemies. On the contrary, he adheres to the almost theological principle that nearly everyone who has erred can be redeemed through self-criticism and proper behavior or, at worst, be held up as a "negative example." This notion is currently serving Premier Chou En-lai and his associates, and their motives are eminently practical. They are primarily concerned these days with stabilizing the country after the convulsions of the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, and they are thus rehabilitating numbers of purged officials who can contribute to the reconstruction of the Communist Party, the trade unions and other institutions that were shattered by the Red Guards and other radical militants during the upheaval. So we are once again seeing many familiar old faces who were not long ago being accused of the most atrocious crimes, and the prospect is that many more will emerge in the period ahead.

The most important figure to reappear lately has been Teng Hsiao-ping, formerly the Communist Party secretary general, who was denounced in years past as the "counterrevolutionary revisionist henchman" of Liu Shao-chi, the deposed chief of state. Teng was reintegrated because his organizational skills are needed, and also to induce lesser officials who were humiliated during the Cultural Revolution to cooperate again with the regime. An even more astonishing example of redemption is General Chen Tsai-tao, the former head of the Wuhan garrison, who openly revolted against the central government yet is now deputy commander of the sensitive Foochow Military Region. Others back on the job include Tan Chi-lung, who currently runs Chekiang after having been busted as boss of Shantung for purportedly promoting the "bourgeois reactionary line," and Chao Tzu-yang, who was ousted from his post of party first secretary in Kwangtung and has since surfaced in that province as a senior functionary. Although the Chinese are mute on the subject, the Peking diplomatic community is abuzz with speculation that the next sinner to win salvation may be Tao Chu, who directed the national propaganda apparatus before his dismissal in

1967, and it would surprise nobody if such other apostates as Marshal Ho Lung and General Lo Jui-ching were to return from oblivion. In contrast many of the Red Guard zealots who soared to prominence during the Cultural Revolution have dropped from public sight. I am particularly interested in the fate of Nieh Yuan-tzu, the woman activist whose tirade against the "bourgeois" authorities at Peking University eight years ago was hailed by Mao at the time as an event that, in Marxist-Leninist annals, "far surpasses in significance" the Paris Commune of 1871. In reply to questions about her I am advised that Mrs. Nieh is undergoing "re-education," presumably through physical labor.

Curious to learn something about the techniques used to reform officials who have gone astray, my traveling companions and I have requested authorization to visit a so-called May Seventh Cadre School, where the purification process supposedly takes place. And, permission granted, we start off early one morning to such an establishment 30 miles outside Peking. Our chauffeur slowly weaves through the trucks, carts and bicycles that clutter the main highway, and as we drive along, I splice together my own notes on the May Seventh program and what we are told by our guide, Mao Kuo-hua, who spent three years in a school near Peking.

The program theoretically originated on May 7, 1966, when Mao Tse-tung instructed the late Marshal Lin Biao, then his closest subordinate and now his posthumous foe, to set up a system under which cadres would be sent to the countryside to engage simultaneously in farm work and ideological study. Mao's motives in launching the scheme were twofold. On the one hand, as he had been for decades, he was trying to break down the barrier that separated the elites from the masses by compelling officials to soil their hands. At the same time he was seeking to dismantle the entrenched bureaucracy that stood in the way of his Cultural Revolution. Thus the May Seventh School scheme had both long-range social aims and short-term political objectives. But it failed to function at the outset, largely because officials clung to their positions and refused to let themselves be rusticated. Finally, in 1968, the army went into action. In Peking alone during that year, about 80 percent of the 60,000 employees in the municipal government were trans-

ferred to May Seventh Schools. Our guide, Mr. Mao, was among them.

The experience was not bad at all after one became accustomed to it, Mr. Mao recalls. He received his full salary, and he could return home to his wife for three days every two weeks. The toughest part at the beginning was the back-breaking task of transplanting young rice stalks, but Mr. Mao claims he eventually got into condition and felt great. His ulcer was cured and, he says, he never ate or slept better. When I ask if attendance at a May Seventh School was a form of punishment, Mr. Mao stresses that participation in the program is completely voluntary. Does that mean that an official selected for reform can simply refuse to go? Yes. What happens to him then? He just remains in his office. And no measures are taken against him? Well, it comes out gradually as we talk, the recalcitrant cadre may soon be made to feel ostracized and uncomfortable, and here we touch on a key aspect of the Communist Chinese approach. Persuasive rather than coercive, it builds up a political environment in which the individual is isolated unless he conforms. In short there is no escape for the loner.

I find it interesting that Mr. Mao was released from his stint at a May Seventh School because, according to his own account, President Nixon's trip to China was scheduled and the Chinese government needed English-speaking officials. This suggests that diplomatic expediency took precedence over ideological reform. Nowadays, I am told by Western diplomats in Peking, officials are often exempted from attending May Seventh Schools if their services are considered vital to the administration. This further suggests that at present, in contrast to the era of the Cultural Revolution, expertise is often thought to be more important than political purity.

By now we are off the highway and bumping over a dirt road that winds into a compound of low, gray stone buildings with tile roofs. The sign over the gate proclaims the place to be the Shuan Wu District May Seventh Cadre School of Peking Municipality, which means that it is reserved for bureaucrats from that neighborhood of the capital. A decorative welcome salutation in English chalked on the wall of one house plainly indicates that this is a showcase spruced up for foreign visitors, and I anticipate that the people we will see here have been carefully selected and primed to deal with us. Our hosts, a group of smiling men and women dressed in tunics, greet us with a ritual round of applause as we climb out of our automobile, and they lead us into a large whitewashed room adorned with portraits of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and, of course, Mao. There we are seated at a long table, served tea and peanuts, and briefed by Wang Tien-san, a placid man in his mid-40s who identifies himself as the head of the school's Revolutionary Committee, or in effect its director. He reveals that he was

formerly a Peking office employee who initially came here to help set up the school in October 1968 and has stayed on. Just as a psychiatrist must submit to analysis in order to practice, Mr. Wang had to undergo "struggle, criticism and transformation," the arcane procedure involved in reform, before he was able to remold others.

In early 1970, when the regime began to perceive that it could not do without trained officials, a rotation system was introduced to limit courses at the May Seventh Schools to six months. Since that change, Mr. Wang tells us, his establishment has processed six classes, each composed of 200 men and women. Before then cadres remained longer and apparently worked harder. The site of this school, Mr. Wang says, was originally a forestry station, and the officials who first arrived were assisted by soldiers in putting up buildings, laying pipe, installing electricity and other construction. The investment in the project so far has run to 400,000 yuan—the equivalent of \$200,000 at the pegged exchange rate—and it is by no means a profitable proposition. Although those attending the school plant trees, raise pigs and cultivate vegetables as part of their education in labor, they cannot grow enough grain and must rely on the government for about 60,000 pounds of wheat and rice per year. Some of the money to cover the deficit comes from the "students," who pay board fees of 12 yuan per month, or about 15 to 20 percent of their regular salaries, which they continue to receive while here. So this is clearly not an economic operation, and after learning about the curriculum I doubt that the exercise in ideological indoctrination is very rigorous.

Touring the grounds, we are steered into a dormitory cell occupied by five men who stand next to their neatly made cots like soldiers awaiting inspection. A small shelf features such classics as Marx's *Civil War in France*, Lenin's *State and Revolution* and, naturally, the works of Mao, and on a table lie a few open books, their pages containing scribbled marginal notes apparently indicating that serious study has been going on here. A schedule pinned to the wall shows that the day begins at six in the morning, ends at 10 at night, and in addition to the time allotted for work or study, it includes a three-hour break for lunch and siesta. One of the men, introduced as Chao Kuei-wu, joins us as we return with Mr. Wang to the briefing room. He is a bespectacled man of 46 with a scholarly air, but in fact he manages a canteen for shop employees in Peking, and he earns 70 yuan per month, a reasonably good wage. He has a wife and four children, and like the others here, he visits home for four or five days every month. Although he belongs to the Communist Party, which is something of a distinction, Mr. Chao says that he applied to attend the May Seventh School in order to raise his political consciousness. His explanation is almost an announcement: "My Marxist-Leninist level was and still is low, so I

decided to study as well as work in the fields, and to combine theory with practice."

Among his chief failings, Mr. Chao confesses, has been his inability "to distinguish right from wrong," and this leads us into a fairly esoteric conversation that seems to me to border on the theological. How, I ask, does one distinguish the right line from the wrong line at a given moment? I recall, for example, that in 1962 Liu Shao-chi republished a volume of lectures entitled *How To Be A Good Communist*, which was praised when it appeared but denounced during the Cultural Revolution five years later as having been "counterrevolutionary." Did Mr. Chao know that Liu Shao-chi was wrong at the time the book appeared? No, he concedes, he only recognized Liu's shortcomings when they were criticized later. I put the same question to Mr. Wang and others in the room, and they also admit that they did not learn of Liu's hostility to Mao until the Cultural Revolution erupted. Nor did they perceive Lin Piao to be a villain, they allow, until they were told the tale of his plot to overthrow Mao. My next question is predictable: If you have to wait five or six years to discover that a past line was wrong, how do you know whether what you are doing now is correct and may not be judged wrong five or six years hence? Different replies from around the room submit that mistakes can be avoided by "seriously studying Mao's works" or by "learning from the masses." But the real answer, I gather, is that conflicts among the people can be resolved through discussion, criticism, persuasion and education, as Mao prescribed in his essay, *On Handling Contradictions*. In other words, errors are not necessarily cardinal sins—which explains why major political figures can tumble, and after rectifying their faults, return to prominence.

Turning away from domestic ideological matters, we get into foreign affairs, and here Mr. Chao's smooth recital of China's current strategy reflects the extraordinary efficiency of the Chinese leaders in communicating their policy shifts to relatively minor cadres. The past American threat to China has diminished, he says, because the United States has been beset by internal and international problems. The principal threat at the moment, he goes on, comes from the Soviet Union, which, he asserts, has amassed a million troops on China's northern borders. The implication of this, Mr. Chao makes clear, is that its new relationship with the United States gives China leverage against the Soviet Union. But, I ask, how can China deal with the United States while the Nixon administration is bombing Cambodia? Mr. Wang cuts in to say that the Chinese strongly oppose the bombing. However, he adds, China welcomes initiatives by the American government "to talk with us and promote exchanges between our two countries." This seems to me to be rather contradictory. "Of course it is," Mr.

Wang responds, "there are contradictions in all things. . . ."

Switching back to the May Seventh Cadre School program, Mr. Wang explains that the officials here to be remolded spend half their time studying the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and Mao. I ask why Stalin is included in this pantheon, since it is well known that he differed drastically from Mao in many respects. Mr. Wang concedes that Stalin had "defects," but, he points out, "we can learn from his correct ideas and draw lessons from his wrong ideas." Here too the Chinese apparently live with contradictions. Continuing his account of the program, Mr. Wang says that the cadres also spend half their time farming in order to appreciate "the true feelings of the laboring masses." But except for a two-week excursion to a people's commune, the cadres have no direct contact with genuine peasants during their six-month term. In that respect, the May Seventh program differs from the *Hsia Fang*, or "down to the countryside," campaign, under which millions of youths have been sent to live with peasants in rural areas for years.

The brevity of the May Seventh course prompts me to wonder aloud about its effectiveness. Mr. Wang explains that it can raise the social and political consciousness of his pupils "a bit." I repeat the phrase "a bit," and Mr. Wang confirms it with a smile that seems to say that this is better than nothing.

Heading back to Peking soon afterward, I ask our chauffeur to drive a little faster since we are late for another appointment. As he threads through the traffic, I see a bicycle coming straight toward us from the opposite direction. Suddenly the cyclist is flying through the air. His head shatters our windshield, and he bounces back onto the highway as the chauffeur screeches to a halt. Mr. Mao, our guide, springs into action without a moment's hesitation. He leaps out of the automobile, lifts the cyclist into the back seat, and cradling the injured man's bleeding head on his lap, he orders the chauffeur to take off. My companions and I climb onto a truck that has stopped and signal to the driver to follow. We careen along the country road, swing into a compound that is obviously an army camp, and pull up in front of a long, low building. By the time we climb down from the truck, soldiers have removed the cyclist from our automobile and carried him into what is apparently a military hospital. The speed with which the operation is carried out serves to remind me that the most popular slogan in China today, *Serve the People*, is a reality.

We wait in an antechamber, sipping tea and speculating on the fate of the cyclist. Eventually Mr. Mao emerges, covered with blood, to tell us that the man's injuries are slight. We resume our trip back to Peking, this time in an army limousine.

This concludes Mr. Karnow's four-part series on his recent experiences in China.

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Oil and Troubled Waters

Oklahoma Crude (Columbia). Darryl F. Zanuck reportedly had a three-word rule for Hollywood success: "Make good shit." Serious Stanley Kramer, through most of his career, has been struggling toward this ideal whether he knew it or not. Now he has taken Zanuck's advice knowingly, and the result is certainly less boring than most Kramer jobs.

Marc Norman wrote the original screenplay, which is set in 1913, uses some '70s permissiveness, but is essentially a '30s script. Publicity tells us that Norman got the second highest price ever paid for an original screenplay. The champ is still William Goldman for *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. Atmospherically, Goldman's Western never left somebody's smart cocktail party. At least Norman has got his script out of the penthouse and into God's Great Back Lot. This is Movieland.

Stubborn, headstrong Faye Dunaway, aided only by a loyal Indian youth, is drilling a wildcat oil well in Oklahoma and is simultaneously fighting off Big Oil's gunmen. (Once she would have been, say, Bette Davis?) Her father, inexplicably English but explicable carpentered up into a "character," is the ne'er-do-well but loving John Mills. (Formerly Donald Crisp?) He hires a tramp out of a hobo camp to be his daughter's helper and bodyguard after the Indian is killed; the tramp is humorous, sly, but fundamentally true-blue George C. Scott. (Humphrey Bogart?) Mills joins them, and he and Scott and Dunaway stand firm against the murderous myrmidons of Big Oil, headed by black-hearted Jack Palance. (Robert Barrat?)

What goes on in this picture is not to be believed. Literally. It's not *meant* to be believed—at least, not by standards of experience, only by those of movie-going. Kramer keeps it all pumping along pretty well, with only an occasional pause for arty effects (just to keep

his flimsy art franchise). Dunaway is adequate though hardly a compelling personality, Mills supplies acceptable stock-company stuff, and Scott is terrific. He's the only one in the cast who is a convincing heir to the "predecessors" in the roles—confident, expansive, strong. A real screen-filler.

Jack Palance, the heavy, gives a performance that, as they used to say of the Cherry Sisters in vaudeville, is so bad that it's good. At first you think he's kidding, with all that jaw-clenching and glaring; then you see that he's neither kidding nor exactly serious, he is simply delivering the goods he thinks he was hired for. You don't often see pure villainy like this any more, outside of burlesque melodrama.

One kind of film criticism argues that the Hollywood movies of the efficient factory days were realistic: they realistically reproduced national fantasies. If that argument is your particular brand of sophistry, then you can see things in this picture about maleness and femaleness and the frontier spirit and capitalism. If you can take it as a pop artifact in a well-established tradition, as Scott seems to do, asking only that it keep puffing on the dream pipe, then *Oklahoma Crude* is stupidly amusing.

Jesus Christ Superstar (Universal). Has anyone noted an increase in anti-Semitism anywhere in the world as the result of the many long-run productions of this show and the multimillion sale of the album? Most certainly, I don't ask that question facetiously. I ask because the American Jewish Committee, which

protested against the show before its Broadway opening, has protested against the film before it opened. Obviously the film will be seen much more widely than the show; but if there was no noticeable increase of venom because of the immense theater success and the many, many millions of hearings that the album has had by now—and I don't know that there has *not* been a directly traceable increase—then the new AJC protest seems a bit overdefensive.

The AJC is circulating a report by a Protestant clergyman, Gerald S. Strober, which is an expanded version of his earlier analysis before the Broadway opening. In it Mr. Strober details matters in the lyrics and the action that, in his view, caricature or distort or falsify the account in the Gospels, especially in relation to Caiaphas and the other priests of the temple, Pilate, and Judas. This layman accepts Mr. Strober's textual analysis, but I can report that, as a Jewish member of the audience of both the show and the film, I got no anti-Semitic emphases. Probably this is because I felt that Caiaphas and the others were no more distorted than Jesus. A protest against the religious and textual distortions of JCS ought to be complete.

Mr. Strober notes that, as in the Broadway cast, Judas is played by a black actor-singer. This seems to me the most visibly questionable element of all. On Broadway, Judas was played by Ben Vereen, an outstandingly talented man, so one could argue that the producers got the best performer they could find
(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie. Luis Buñuel, seventy-something and something to marvel at, plays slyly with middle-class corruption.

The Friends of Eddie Coyle. Underworld sociology that *looks* all wrong—soft and mushy—but has gritty dialogue. Robert Mitchum solid as criminal prole.

The Hireling. A sound, compact class tragedy—1920, an English lady and her chauffeur. Excellently acted by Sarah Miles and Robert Shaw.

Last Tango in Paris. A lot of it is adolescently stark and sententious, but the early Brando-Schneider sex

scenes are powerful.

Memories of Underdevelopment. Fascinating, sensitive Cuban film about a bourgeois intellectual in the first days of the Castro revolution.

State of Siege. Fictional re-creation of the Tupamaro abduction and murder of an American official in Uruguay, 1970. Questionably objective, but generally gripping.

A Touch of Class. Old-fashioned comedy-romance, up to date. Mostly fast and frivolous. George Segal good as Yank in London, Glenda Jackson shows dazzling light-comic range.

SK

Crawford Woods on TV

Wired for the New World

The classroom fills with fluorescent glare, bombing blonde tables shoved together to form the arena of a seminar. The students, five in number, are extras from the central casting of contemporary scenes. The teacher is a part-time American University instructor, John Douglass, who's a full-time filmmaker intrigued by the new option, one-half-inch videotape.

This is a meeting of his class in the medium, part of AU's official summer offerings, but somehow there's a feeling of the underground about it. That feeling is always present when portapak is in use, probably because the (relatively) inexpensive Sony equipment, though the key to a series of evolutions in art, social therapy and reportage, is still mostly a private rather than institutional tool. It is a tool in infancy, and there is an appropriate sense of kindergarten joy in the room as the first tape is—with difficulty—cued. (Videotape folk spend a lot of time putting their machinery together. The feeling while one waits for a tape to roll is like that stirred by a rock band tuning up between sets, anticipation scarred with irritation. As the tape is cued, flashes of a broadcast soap jam the monitor, in reminder of the awful power being kept at bay.)

The tape finally fills the screen with its "information"—streaks and puffs of light gathered from the fireworks display at the Washington Monument grounds the night before. At first the pictures are halting and uninteresting, punctuated by soundtrack explosions that lend more distraction than support. At one point Douglass flips off the sound. He is right, the flowers on the screen hold the eye far better without noise. The camera zooms in and out; a tentative experimental design appears, but ends by going nowhere. The student confesses with a grin that she made the tape while stoned.

Douglass is not wholly amused. He knows his business too well to buy the idea that the doors of perception widen for a camera lens just because the operator's wired. What we've seen, he points out, has been a picture painted with light, a "graphic with the element of time." Since there is no narrative line, the work must find coherence the way a painting does, through the planned discovery and elaboration of patterns. He suggests camera angles, methods of framing, strategies of supers and dissolves. He suggests she try again, unstoned.

The next tape has a story. We watch a candlemaker make his candles and tell how they are made. Something about the tape makes the writer wary and finally he fingers it: we are seeing the procedures of an old craft expounded in a very new school. Weak as it is, it takes successful vengeance on every dull training film one sat through in the army or in IBM.

Again Douglass, a bearded Buddha atop the seminar table, takes in the problems the student failed to solve. Framing too far to the left. Distracting background music. He points out that it might have been smoother to have the candlemaker do a voice-over afterward than oblige him to keep up a running commentary while the tape was being made; he notes that the tapemaker was a little lacking in journalistic aggressiveness, that he might have put the craftsman more on the spot about his motives, joys and boredom. The tape, though it has a story, manages to lose it partly in a certain dutiful manner of the telling, as though the student had been too awed by the mystery of his gear to see it as just another step beyond the pencil. (Which it isn't. Anymore than the electric guitar is just a louder guitar.)

We have been watching tapes and talking about them for almost two hours now and the class turns a little sluggish. Voices of students on the hot lawn graze against the open window. Would it take no more than a camera at that window to turn their lives into a story?

Bashful word drifts up that there is another tape on hand, an unofficial bit not really intended for classroom use—one of the men has made a short home soap opera and he hints that it may have its funky moments. Interest revives. This, after all, is a feature of the videotape scene only a nun could pretend to ignore: it is the biggest step in home pornography since the Polaroid.

The tape is shown. It turns out to be no more carnal than a pre-pubic hair *Playboy*, but it is in fact an almost funny spoof on the sort of broadcast junk that has been creeping onto the monitor all afternoon. (At the next meeting one student, emboldened by this laxness, will bring a genuinely X-rated piece of homework.)

The class winds down on this high note. Someone is chosen to take the porta-pak home for the weekend, to discover new patterns, make new tales. It is not altogether unlike a third grade teacher choosing a child to care for the class pet salamander over the holidays. A spirit of play (licensed by low costs) is possibly the greatest gift of videotape sliced thin. Pretty pictures, fleshy documentaries, drama, hardcore. The writer feels elation. Poor print-worm, doomed by taste and training to a life of worrying words across a page, he has seen a new world. He stops the instructor afterward to give praise. The instructor, himself hopelessly in love with film, says "It's only a toy." And grins away the lie.



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Armchair Revolution

Postwar America: 1945-1971

by Howard Zinn

(Bobbs-Merrill; \$5.95)

If it is true, as one wit said, that a liberal is a radical with a wife and two kids, then that tells us a whole lot about the millstone around the neck of American radicalism. Picture the liberal of the last few weeks. He gets home from his \$20,000 a year job, kisses his wife, plays ball for 10 minutes with his kids, eats dinner, and then tunes in the PBS "gavel to gavel" rebroadcast of the daily Watergate circus. Somewhat condescendingly and a little self-righteous, he watches Stans, Magruder, Dean & Co. with a faint but distinctive flutter of hope. Maybe, he thinks as he sits and sips his middling good scotch, maybe they will, maybe they *can* get Him. His fantasies soar: indictment? impeachment? resignation? News flash: Cambodian compromise; the President promises to abide by the Constitution, in 45 days. *Thump*, back down: a pack of thieves. He sits. He watches. Maybe he writes his congressman. He hopes.

What does he hope for, this right-minded man with a wife, two kids and a mortgage? Does he hope for a society of just and equitable distribution of wealth, for a society where men's minds are not stooped to the grindstone of wage intimidation, for a society where their health needs are guaranteed, for a society free from the manipulation of corporate legerdemain? No, his feet are too much on the ground for such dreams. He merely hopes the thieves will be caught. Less than that even: he hopes that a *symbolic* thief will be caught. For though he knows that the mechanics of his society demand thievery to ensure both personal "success" and social "progress," he is not so utopian as to think of changing the machinery. His aspiration is for a scapegoat.

That mythical beast is not dead yet. And didn't the President, a pure product of America, somewhat unwittingly call the shot in his April 30th speech when he told us that the Watergate investigation will prove the machinery liberal enough to reform itself? Heads I win, tails you lose. For whether Nixon wins or loses this most celebrated of his

mock-epic "crises" will make no real difference to the corrupt operations of our national machinery. Let's allow ourselves for example a hallucinatory moment and suppose that Nixon and Agnew both resign, and a penitent nation then turns to George McGovern, who wins a landslide victory over William Buckley, Jr. in a special interim election. After he stops the bombing in Cambodia, what will he do? Will he dissolve the CIA? Will he nationalize or otherwise delimit the multinational and other corporations who continue to expand the American commercial and military "empire"? Will the economy be controlled? Will the nation's wealth be even a little more equally distributed among its citizens? Will he even be able to ensure all of them adequate medicine, housing and nutrition? No, all of that, whatever our self-serving rhetoric, is beyond the liberal dream. The American liberal these days dreams of ritual reform. Nixon is the liberal scapegoat not because he is corrupt, but because he is so arrogant and *ineptly* corrupt that he threatens to blow the mythic cover that enables the machine to operate smoothly.

Howard Zinn's recent book, *Postwar America: 1945-1971*, helps give us perspective on the melodrama of American liberalism, and in so doing gives us a sense also of the dilemma of American radicalism. Ostensibly a history, the book is really a political argument indicting the domestic and international power drift of an American liberalism in the service of capitalism. What Zinn does sharply is illustrate the great gap between the *rhetorical* and *working* creeds of liberalism, and how the United States has become the most effective of modern countries "in utilizing its rhetorical creed, in conjunction with its working creed, to sustain control over its own people and to extend control over other parts of the world." That, sustaining and extending control, is for Zinn the principal motif of liberalism since 1945. Thus he expands the customary sense of liberalism to include the full mainstream spectrum of

American politics.

For this he will be criticized, especially by liberals. All the Presidents from Roosevelt to Nixon fall within the liberal bounds by virtue of their hypocritical commitment to the rhetorical creed, best represented by the language of the Declaration of Independence: "all Men are created equal . . . unalienable Rights . . . Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness . . . whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these Ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it . . ." The working creed, of course, is different:

. . . all men are created equal, except foreigners with whom we are at war, blacks . . . Indians . . . inmates of prisons, members of the armed forces, and anyone without money; that what are most alienable are the lives of men sent off to war and the liberties of people helpless against authority; that whenever members of any group of people become destructive of this working creed, it is the right of the government to alter or abolish them by persecution or imprisonment.

And Zinn's main thesis is that American liberalism, as the agent of capitalist expansionism, has adroitly sustained an ambiguously disguised counterpoint between these two creeds to cultivate the myth of the benevolent velvet glove within which operates the iron fist of profit, power and control.

Consider for example his fine exegesis of what we might call the Atom Bomb Allegory, how liberal America's use of "ultimate" power to end World War II

Dragonfly

the dead dry
dragonfly on
the cement walk
in my hand all dazzle
gone and flash
far from the flowing
water water
away with
the world everlasting
at worst this is
sweet death

WILLIAM SAROYAN

was motivated not by military and humane necessity as our rhetorical creed proclaimed, but by the desire to establish American power and commercial interests in the process in Asia. The bomb was used not only to preclude Russia's entry into the Pacific war but also as an unequivocal show of power, an implicit threat to the rest of the world. On that authority America's "sphere of influence" began to infiltrate the globe. To what end? Empire. Zinn shrewdly notes for instance that "the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development was presumably established to help reconstruct war-destroyed areas; but in its own words one of its first objectives was to 'promote private foreign investment' all over the world." Harry Hopkins, Roosevelt's chief adviser, said in 1944, "... it is highly important that business and government have an early meeting of minds as to general policy governing private investments abroad." The rationale for which was succinctly summed up by the State Department's Herbert Feis, "The United States could not passively sanction... capital... for ends contrary to our major policies or interests... Capital is a form of power." The language of profit, Zinn reveals, was paramount in the liberal vocabularies of not only top advisers but of Roosevelt himself (a State Department summary of Roosevelt's meeting with Ibn-Saud of Saudi Arabia after the Yalta conference cites him as saying, "that essentially, the President was a businessman... And that as a businessman he would be very much interested in Arabia") and such principals of his administration as Hull, Forrestal, Wallace and Harriman. The atomic bomb, then, was used not so much as a "humanitarian" end to a vicious war, for which it was unnecessary, but as the beginning of the Cold War with Russia and to prepare the world for the United States to fill the economic vacuum left by the postwar demise of the British Empire.

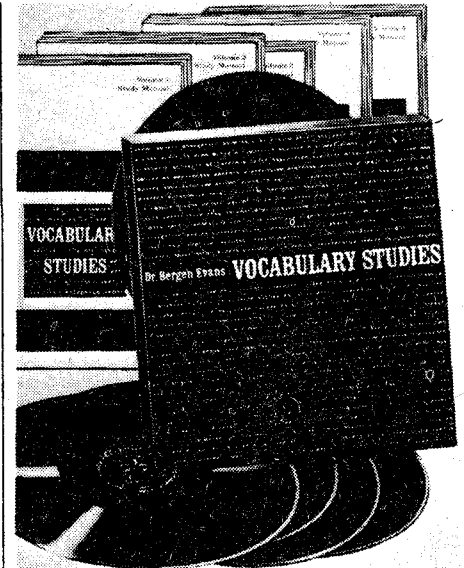
The pattern of power, control and profit, backed by the moral interventionism of World War II and bolstered by liberal scorn for "isolationism," became the working principle of American foreign policy. The 1947 intervention in Greece set the model and its subsequent success is by now an old and painful story, leading the United States into Korea, Guatemala, Lebanon, Cuba, the Dominican Republic and at last Vietnam. The Pax Americana, a peace, as Archibald MacLeish put it in the

1940s when he was assistant secretary of State, "a peace of oil, a peace of gold, a peace of shipping... a peace without moral purpose or human interest, a peace of dicker and trade... which will lead us where... dicker and trade have always led." And it did. At home as well as abroad. The corporation *vs.* the people; capital is power, and power is the name of the game.

Zinn's valuable service in this book is his incisive analysis of history, showing how liberalism has served the interests of corporate capitalism under the rhetorical banner of preserving the "free world." But for all the sharpness of its critique, the book suffers finally from political romanticism, the sort of wishful thinking that reveals the frustrating dilemma of American radicalism. In *The Politics of History* (1970) Zinn presented a theory of "radical history" in which he justified a "value-laden historiography" as a means of helping move the consciousness of the country toward at least some kind of revolutionary sense. I presume he intends *Postwar America* to be an essay in radical history, and insofar as it helps explode the myth of liberalism it has that tactical function. But when Zinn suggests that the counterculture, for example, or that antiwar protest is revolutionary, he embalms radical politics in liberal imagery:

It was on that Memorial Day weekend that several hundred veterans against the war camped out on the green at Lexington, Massachusetts, the cradle of the American revolution. They were joined by three hundred citizens, and then all were arrested for refusing to leave the green. After getting out of jail, the veterans went to Bunker Hill, spent the night, and held an antiwar rally on the Boston Common the next day. This defection from violence, from war, this rebellion against authority, this suspicion of government, this independence of spirit, came twenty-five years after the passive acceptance by American soldiers in 1945 of the dropping of the atomic bomb on the men, women, and children of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Something important was happening to the spirit and mind of many people in the United States.

Was a revolution—at least the first stirrings of one—taking place in postwar America? Many with a strong sense of history were



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dubious. . . .

And yet, there was something qualitatively different this time.

Bracketing American history with Bunker Hill makes for hopeful literature. It should; it's the old liberal fantasy machine, maybe the best the world has ever known. But it is wrong. Radically wrong. For it shows how much the language of radicalism and revolution has become the bauble of liberal fantasies, however "leftist" they may be.

Here for example is Zinn's conclusion: "... it was beginning to be recognized . . . that the special qualities of control possessed by the modern liberal system demanded a long revolutionary process . . . The process would have to be long enough, intense enough, to change the thinking of people . . . To work for the great ends of the Declaration of Independence . . . did not mean looking for some future day of fruition. It meant beginning immediately to make those ends real." But consider the fate of such immediate beginnings as we have had. Bobby Seale, to take one highly signifying example, has turned to electoral politics as a Democrat, saying that he has gone "beyond" Black Panther strategies. The Panthers themselves, those who have not been murdered, imprisoned or exiled, seem to have turned their energies to internal squab-

bles. The SDS has folded. The Weathermen and their "Days of Rage" succeeded only in effecting the election of such reactionaries as Cook County Sheriff Richard Elrod. The bourgeois radicalism of Saul Alinsky proved itself empty of political content. The counterculture has either retreated to the bucolic life or cashed in on a new style. The "ending" of the Vietnam war has neutralized the radical potential of antiwar politics. When a revolutionary commune a few months ago accidentally blew itself up with its own arsenal in a New York brownstone, we were confronted with perhaps the most pathetic possible metaphor of radical masochism trying to cut loose from its liberal albatross.

The liberal maw takes in everything, including its own critics. It seduces the radical will. The dilemma of Zinn's book is therefore the dilemma of American radicalism as a whole. The radical is sick of the liberal fraud, but his means of opposition to it are so puny and have proved so ineffectual that watching Senator Ervin wave the liberal banner on television makes as much sense as doing anything else. And how easy it is to sit in an armchair and be fed our liberal lunch intravenously through the tube. To imagine, while filling in the dots, that one is actively participating in the continuing story of the revolution!

Peter Michelson

White Whale Unmasked

The Sovereign State of ITT

by Anthony Sampson

(Stein and Day; \$10)

"I came to think," writes Anthony Sampson of ITT, "that Geneen and his corporation resembled not so much the crew of the *Pequod* as the white whale itself: a leviathan secretly circling the world, usually detectable only by the turbulence of the water, but suddenly showing one side of its huge strange shape, or spouting dark water, first on one corner of the globe, then a few days later at the opposite end—becoming a legend for ubiquity, immortality and

supernatural strength." One might quibble with the metaphor—how would one fit in Dita Beard?—but the essence of a good story is here and Sampson is a very good storyteller.

International Telephone and Telegraph (the name was deliberately chosen to be confused with AT&T) would have made fine copy long before Hal Geneen tried to bring the 1972 Republican Convention to Richard Nixon's "lucky city." The company was created in the 1920s

by a pair of restless entrepreneurs, Hernand and Sosthenes Behn, who wanted to do for the world what Ma Bell had done for America. They managed their ambition in a hurry. First with a few small telephone companies in the Caribbean and the national telephone system of Primo de Rivera's Spain, then with the acquisition of Western Electric's manufacturing facilities in Europe and a secret compact with AT&T to respect each other's turf.

Very early in the game the brothers Behn adopted the pose of an earlier generation of American robber barons. No deal was too big to envision, no rival corporation or state (the distinction has always been blurred in ITT's collective unconscious) an insurmountable obstacle. From his gothic Wall Street skyscraper office, complete with portrait of Pope Pius XI, Sosthenes plotted the fortunes of an empire. In 1930 ITT first collided with worthy opponents in battling for control of the electronics business in Germany. Siemens, king of the hill, parried ITT's attempts to set up a manufacturing rival by going into partnership with the Swedish giant Ericsson, then effectively owned by Ivar Kreuger. Behn's response was to make a separate financial agreement with Kreuger that permitted ITT's auditors, Price Waterhouse, to get a look at Ericsson's books. Price Waterhouse duly discovered the extent of Kreuger's fraudulent manipulations, and Behn was able to destroy his rival. ITT ended up with a satisfactory cartel agreement dividing up the telephone markets of Europe and South America.

The almost eerie supranationality of ITT is neatly illustrated by the company's maneuvering to maintain business as usual before and during World War II. Behn's cozy relationship with the Nazis—he was the first American businessman to have an audience with Hitler after the Enabling Acts—permitted ITT to prosper in Germany in the '30s.

Once the war began Behn became a veritable Milo Minderbinder, impartially aiding all sides in return for appropriate compensation. ITT's patriotic Axis subsidiary in Germany manufactured Focke-Wulf bombers, while its patriotic Allied subsidiary was developing anti-submarine detection devices in New Jersey. Not to be outdone ITT's neutralist subsidiaries were processing raw materials in Switzerland for the Wehrmacht and transmitting international cables in Latin America for anyone with a bank account. Such im-

partiality has always brought out a generous streak in its customers—the US Foreign Claims Settlement Commission ultimately paid \$27 million compensation for the wartime destruction of ITT property in Germany, including \$5 million for the bomber factory.

Since the war ITT has continued to treat consistency in ideology as a luxury too expensive to afford. The company managed to coexist with its Communist hosts in Hungary until confiscation appeared inevitable, whereupon Behn came out in favor of liberty for the enslaved peoples of Eastern Europe.

A more recent example of ITT's open mind toward communism has been the *affaire Allende*. The company's utility holdings in Latin America have long been vulnerable to nationalist sentiment. Behn and his successor, Harold Geneen, quite naturally rolled with the punches, using whatever strategy—bribery, cooperation, borrowed State Department and CIA muscle, the Hick-enlooper amendment—seemed to have the best payoff. They have won a few (notably Peru, Brazil and Argentina) and lost a few (Cuba, Chile), but never without trying.

In Chile Geneen put his money on the wrong horse, Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei. After Frei's 1964 election ITT continued to expand its Chilean investment, one which it claimed was worth \$150 million by 1970. When Frei fell from power Geneen lobbied for a conservative electoral victory, then tried to coax a show of force from the Nixon administration to topple Allende. It all might have been a script written by Howard Fast about Chiquita Banana.

But the more revealing aspect of the story is that Geneen would always have been happier to make a deal. When Chile's foreign copper companies proposed a united front against expropriation, Geneen agreed and then planned a double-cross in which Anaconda and Kennecott would be confiscated while ITT slipped away with the cash. The public relations department may have argued that extreme measures were called for since "Freedom is dying everywhere," but ITT was not above simultaneous negotiations with the Soviets to sell communications equipment.

There is no end to Sampson's juicy, lovingly researched tales of corporate guile, with ITT emerging as the archetype of multinational, conglomerate corporations. What is so offensive about ITT is the overt egotism of its leadership and its almost casual assertion of political power in pursuit of profit. Yet

we should be thankful for the egotism—if Geneen had felt the need to act more cautiously or equip his executives with paper shredders, he might have gotten away with it all. There are more subtle ways to influence an antitrust suit than a \$400,000 public contribution to the ruling party.

As for the ability to influence politics, ITT is surely a frightening case study, but the true *raison d'être* of the conglomerates and multinationals is not politics but bookkeeping. The sheer complexity of highly diversified firms makes the job of deciphering a corporate annual report almost impossible. ITT has managed to evade totally the spirit of the public disclosure laws by burying its losses in a tangle of auditors' sophistry and squirreling away cash flow to be unearthed on future rainy days.

Corporate multinationality has proved the ultimate weapon against such petty interference with free enterprise as unions and taxes. Labor has little ability to fight back against a firm that can simply shift its productive capacity to countries like Spain or Brazil, where the working man knows his place. By similar manipulation the multinationals are able to avoid the tax collector. Income earned abroad by US corporations is not taxed until it is repatriated. With a little luck it won't even be taxed when it is: payments for services rendered by foreign governments (oil leases, etc.) are called foreign taxes by the IRS, and as such, are subtracted from US tax liability. That Sampson offers no answers to the messy questions of controlling multinationals is hardly a serious criticism. Neither has anyone else.

**Peter Passell and
Susan Previant Lee**

The Magic Kingdom

Why do so many fat people go to Disneyworld,
haunches lapping over the little seats
in the Grand Prix or Mr Toad's Wild Ride?
Does one feel weightless there, reality displaced
so you soon begin sniffing plastic roses
and they really smell like roses but better?

20,000 Leagues Under the Sea ("E" coupon)
we stare out our portholes at fake fish on wires,
the flat surface 6 inches above. Our kids ask,
Are the bubbles real? Who knows?

The Master's dead: behold his Haunted House
at the top of Liberty Square (the orange map);
as Mickey said, he had a mind like a steel
mouse—and the smile of reason that
warmed the clean columns of Monticello
fades into the flat grin
of a mechanical Cheshire cat. Pink
pilgrims shoulder in the squares
cuddling the comic relics of infancy. In Fantasy-
land Mike Fink performs
an unnatural act on Dumbo the Unresisting
or is the heat getting me?

And yet
to stand in the middle of that circular movie
(admission free)
and see the crowd lean far to the left
feeling they're taking a curve
was (shall we say)
educational.

PETER MEINKE

Imagination in History

An Interpretation of Universal History

by José Ortega y Gasset

translated by Mildred Adams

(W. W. Norton & Co.; \$8.95)

To determine precisely when a legitimate government has become illegitimate is difficult. Even the worst tyrannies, for instance Hitler's, have been perceived by many living under them as properly legal. Rarely does arbitrary rule become established in complete disregard for the customary legalities. Instead the legalities are in the main followed, but innovations or irregularities are introduced until suddenly the citizenry discover men in control of the apparatus of the state who can run it not as the law prescribes but as they personally see fit.

We have been well reminded of late that the abuse of authority is possible within our own system. The perennial problem of political legitimacy has a timely edge to it this summer; it is fortunate that *An Interpretation of Universal History* by José Ortega y Gasset should appear now. Some of the most profound observations in the book bear upon "the most important event that ever can happen in the life of an entire people, namely: how is it that they lose the traditional faith which they held in common?"

Rather than attempting a sharp distinction between legitimacy and illegitimacy, Ortega observed that any actual government was a mixture of both. The proportions of the mixture were crucial, and he found the proportion of illegitimacy very high in every contemporary government, almost as high as in the Roman Empire, the locus classicus for arbitrary rule. Given this conception of the historic situation, the practical problem, especially for the intellectual, was to counter with criticism and the exercise of remaining rights the power of the illegitimate elements.

That a probing discussion of arbitrary rule should be found in this book is itself surprising, for it is the text of public lectures given in Spain in 1948-49. The text itself shows numerous hints of arbitrary censors, but unfortunately the translator, Mildred Adams, does not

deal adequately with the problems that Ortega had to meet simply in giving the lectures. They were Ortega's first public undertaking in Franco's Spain—he had only recently ended 10 years of self-imposed exile—and with them, it would seem, he was testing the authorities even as they were testing him.

From evidence in the text it would seem that the test was not an entirely happy one for Ortega. Through the mid parts, Ortega gave a running, rather acrimonious commentary on criticism of his lectures in the press. He repeatedly averred that he was speaking about the Western world at large, not Spain in particular, and he cautioned against reading political meanings into comments that were laden with blatant political meanings. Most curiously, well into the series, he changed without forewarning the tone and subject of his lectures, dropping politically sensitive

themes, becoming milder and less critical while at the same time hinting that the change was not entirely to his satisfaction. All the signs suggest that an interesting story lurks behind the text itself. Too bad the translator did not see fit to dig it out.

Failure to do so may also have done Ortega an intellectual disservice. Throughout his writings Ortega rarely sticks close to the subject and his style, especially in lectures, is to circle round and round his main concern, surrounding it with a web of ideas that in the end he can suddenly pull shut. But these qualities are here apparent to a fault. Ostensibly the lectures were a commentary on *A Study of History* by Arnold J. Toynbee. For Ortega this mammoth work seems to serve less as a subject than as a pretext. If Toynbee was in fact Ortega's subject, then his lectures were a rambling, *ad hominem* performance redeemed by incisive digressions. Certainly the digressions are central, and the reader's task is largely one of deciding which among them were Ortega's real concern.

One of the important clues is the "revision of the itinerary" that Ortega announced when two-thirds of the way through. Whether the change was compelled by the authorities or the result of his personal choice, he clearly made use of it to take up two seemingly quite different concerns. Through the first eight lectures he suggested repeatedly the

Commencement, Pingree School

Among these North Shore tennis tans I sit,
In seersucker dressed, in all small things fit;
Within a lovely tent of white I wait
To see my lovely daughter graduate.

Slim boughs of blossom tap the tent and stamp
Their shadows like a bower on the cloth.
The brides in twos glide down the grassy ramp
To graduation's candle, moth and moth.

The Master makes his harrumphs. Music. Prayer.
Demure and close in rows, the seniors sway.
Class loyalty solidifies the air.
At every name, a body wends her way

Through greenhouse shade and sweet heat to receive
A paper of divorce and endless leave.
As each accepts the kiss académic,
Up pops a Daddy with a Nikon. Click.

JOHN UPDIKE

dominance of illegitimate power in our time, but in the last four lectures Ortega dropped this theme almost entirely and inserted instead his own theory of man, one quite opposed to Toynbee's deterministic view. In Ortega's theory, men have historic initiative because they are self-stimulating beings whose powers of imagination allow them both to refrain from responding in the face of severe stimuli and to respond actively when no objective stimuli impinge upon them. "What I firmly believe is that what characterizes man is his extreme abundance of imagination, which is so scarce in other species; therefore, that man is a fantastic animal and that universal history is the gigantic, continuous, and insistent effort to go, little by little, putting some order into the crazy fantasy."

Ortega suggested that his concern about illegitimate power and his faith in man as an imaginative being were connected, but for one or another reason he failed to explain the connection. What is it? Perhaps simply this: that even though men may find themselves under arbitrary rule, they need not be a hopeless prey of its efforts to condition them to its authority. Being capable of fantasy man can resist necessity and expediency. Imagination endows man with the power of initiative and no outside force can arbitrarily take this from him. As American politics seems to be turning more and more manipulative, it may be well to remind ourselves that we carry within us that power—imagination—to interpose between the stimuli besetting us and the mechanical responses they are meant to elicit.

Robert McClintock

The Death Immersion

Home from the War Vietnam Veterans: Neither Victims nor Executioners

by Robert J. Lifton

Simon and Schuster; \$8.95

I remember debating with Vietnam veterans in airport bars in the mid-1960s. Crew-cut, scrubbed, they spoke earnestly of the domino theory and of defending America. They regarded my opposition to the war as naive and dangerous, if not traitorous. I pitied them as fools and feared them as killers.

By 1967 I was meeting another kind of veteran. In the hospital where I interned newly returned medics worked as technicians and inhalation therapists; efficient at their jobs, nervous, cynical, often stoned, they rapped out endless cacophonous memories of Vietnam—death and drugs and sex. On the highways around San Francisco, I picked up young hitchhikers, deserters they said, on their way to a "groovy commune" where they heard they could be hidden out, or to Canada. At night, in Haight-Ashbury, I saw guys with con-

spicuous crew cuts and love beads, swaggering, absurd and vulnerable in their attempt at hip. Every once in a while a soldier, just returned or about to go to Vietnam, would show up at the hospital, desperate for some kind—any kind—of medical excuse to justify his AWOL.

These vets and their stories evoked in me a mixture of sympathy, fascination and dread. They said they were "antiwar," but not long ago they had been part of it. I thought of them as criminals but also as dupes and victims, too ignorant to understand the evil of our policy, too vulnerable, emotionally, economically and socially, to oppose the grinding government bureaucracy. I felt an implacable hatred toward the men who knowingly, arrogantly engineered the war—men who like me were educated and privileged. But these

guys were something else, as vulnerable as they were dangerous, as frightened as they were brash, more deceived than convinced.

The veterans, members of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, who speak compellingly from the pages of Robert Jay Lifton's *Home from the War*, are these men several years later or their younger comrades. In their voices the echoes of early earnestness, the stutter of dangerous play and the jangle of cynicism have matured to horrible, ringing truth. We have been to Vietnam, they tell us; we are guilty of the deaths of men and women and children who were not our enemies; we have acted on the orders of American officers and officials who were; we have done the national dirty work. Listen to us. Learn from us.

Listening is not easy. Death, indifferent, matter-of-fact, clings to their words. Here is a young vet speaking of his attitude toward killing, comparing it to "the first time you masturbate . . . You feel guilty because you think you shouldn't do it, yet somewhere you heard that it's perfectly natural and anyhow, it's inevitable, so what the hell." Here is another, a young man who refused to shoot at My Lai, discussing the rationale of the "body count": "If it's dead, it's a VC. Because it's dead. If it's dead, it *had* to be VC. And of course a corpse couldn't defend itself anyhow." And here is a third recalling the rape and murder of Vietnamese girls: ". . . just an incident . . . another weird incident on our patrol."

Lifton, a Yale psychiatrist, has listened carefully and with sympathy to these men. For more than two years he—and several other professionals—participated in rap groups with 35 Vietnam veterans. He came to know dozens of others through formal interviews, at rallies and in his home. Lifton focuses on the steps by which these men were transformed from willing soldiers to "antiwar warriors," from indifferent killers to repentant and insistent reformers.

Following Erik Erikson, Lifton describes himself as a "psycho-historian," someone who applies "psychological principles to historical events." In this book as in *Death in Life*, his study of victims of the atomic blast at Hiroshima, he focuses on "death and the continuity of life." This is a "conceptual model" which he regards as "more appropriate to contemporary experience than the existing psychoanalytical model of instincts (primarily sexual instinct) and

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defense (mainly repression)." He regards the veterans as "survivors" of a "death immersion," men who experience the dual guilt of outliving their buddies and of having participated in a slaughter which they have come to view as absurd and evil.

Lifton reconstructs the American version of the "warrior ethos," the "John Wayne thing," which induced and supported these men's fighting efforts. And he describes the process of "psychic numbing" which pervaded the "atrocious-producing situation" of Vietnam and protected the soldiers from a felt understanding of the consequences of their actions: viewing their victims as subhuman "gooks," as ciphers in a body count, they were able to kill without conscience. Lifton shows how the men became slowly, painfully conscious of "the counterfeit universe" of Vietnam and of the fact that "the country — your parents and the people you believed — told you a whole pack of lies."

In the supportive but self-critical atmosphere of the rap groups the men could feel the horror of their participation in the war. Lifton observes and, as a therapist, assists the gradual, painful metamorphosis of the self-protective "numbed guilt" and the self-indulgent "lacerating guilt" to an "animating guilt" which "propels [the men] toward connection, integrity, movement." Together therapists and clients, antiwar civilians and antiwar veterans "probed the destructive personal experiences of the Vietnam war for eventual dissemination to the American people." The veterans' rage at their betrayal by American society, their fantasies of vengeful destruction, their suicidal impulses are acknowledged, shared and transmuted to the words of public witness, to antiwar organizing and political action.

Lifton calls this amalgam of psychotherapy, investigation and political action "advocacy research." For him as well as for the veterans the rap groups were occasions of personal vulnerability and opportunities for change. For him as well as for them, antiwar action was itself healing.

To this admittedly partisan stand, Lifton contrasts "the pseudo-neutrality and covert immortalization of technique" of the military psychiatrists who boast of their high "return-to-duty rates." And he suggests that the statistics of these doctors who are "all too ready to offer their techniques to anyone and anything" are the psy-

chiatric equivalent of the "body count."

I admire Lifton's work with VVAW members and I share his commitment to a therapeutic encounter that is critical of rather than obedient to received social values. But in reading the book I found myself wincing again and again at Lifton's language. His constant formulations—"death immersion," "numbed guilt," "survivor missions," "psychoformative experience"—overwhelm and petrify rather than clarify our understanding of the veterans. The painful dialogue of the rap groups is sometimes submerged in Lifton's conceptualizing, a fault that keeps him, I think, from realizing the fullness of his project. He neglects both the complexities of the individual veterans' life histories and those of the political, social and economic forces which have impinged on them. What leads one man to fulfill an officer's murderous commands and another to refuse? What are the "individual differences" that prompt one man to fulfill his "survivor mission" by becoming an antiwar activist, and another to embark on his in an American Legion hall or with a heroin detoxification unit? What is the relationship between these men and their government? And what is the psychohistorical nature of the imperialistic urge which led America to Vietnam? By focusing too narrowly on the veterans as survivors, Lifton has slighted these questions.

In the latter part of the book Lifton speaks of the veterans as "prophets." High altitude bombings from B-52s and

the projected "electronic battlefield" promise that future slaughters will be increasingly technicized and impersonal. Vietnam, Lifton suggests, may well be the last war in which there is any felt connection between the soldier and his victim. The testimony that its veterans have offered to us—at the Winter Soldier investigations, in their demonstrations and here in *Home from the War*—may well be our last chance to hear the truth of war "at its source." The "message of restoration" of these ordinary Americans who believed, who fought "for us" and were betrayed, may

well be the last palpable, audible protest against our country's virulent love affair with technology and war.

Perhaps. But it seems to me that we must also learn to hear—at the risk of our ethnocentricity and our economics, our arrogance and self-righteousness, even at the risk of such high-minded psychohistorical concepts as "death and the continuity of life"—the unfamiliar and often harsh, the jarring and prophetic voices of those who fought and continue to fight against us. Our continued deafness to their voices is a luxury the world cannot afford.

James S. Gordon

Idealism Watered Down

Radical Visions and American Dreams: Culture and Social Thought in the Depression Years

by Richard H. Pells

(Harper & Row; \$12.50)

American culture of the 1930s is ripe for reinterpretation, and three years ago Warren Susman, a Rutgers historian, suggested some provocative new ideas. He looked afresh at old materials, used others previously thought to be mundane (such as the detective story and self-help literature), and found new meanings. He agreed with most '30s historians that intellectuals had wanted to "make from an industrial civilization a meaningful culture"; but among the decade's literary remains he found, instead of radical departures, a reinforcement of essential American values. Radio and the movies too had cleverly emphasized old myths, and these had kept alive a sense of hope among Americans who found themselves down and out. The style of commitment, when combined with the idea of culture, led "not to revolution but to acquiescence."

*Note: Susman's ideas are set down in an essay called "The Thirties" in *The Development of an American Culture*, editors Stanley Coben and Lorman Rather (Prentice-Hall, 1970).

Susman's different perspective* provides the impetus for *Radical Visions and American Dreams*. Richard H. Pells, the author, was once Susman's student; so one might expect Pells, in this substantial, scholarly book, to fill in the details of interpretations Susman had only sketched. He does, but he covers so much old ground in the process that he never gets control of his material.

One of the reasons for this is his academic approach to "cultural history." He has defined it narrowly, deciding to rely on the writings of the intellectual leaders of the '30s and to offer this collection as representing the social thought and culture of the decade. The resultant trouble is that his book is not organized around ideas, instead we are given careful plot summaries of books and plays. The tip-off for this lack of an ideological center is given early, when he states his case: "Intellectuals in the 1930s were both radical and conservative, ideologically sophisticated and hostile to social theory, artistically experimental but also hungry for popular acceptance, at once critical and support-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PETER MICHELSON's latest book is *The Eater* (Swallow Press). JAMES S. GORDON is a psychiatrist with the Public Health Service. IVAN R. DEE is a Chicago editor and critic. JOHN UPDIKE's most recent volume is *Museums and Women, & Other Stories* (Knopf). ROBERT MCCLINTOCK is the author of *Man and His Circumstances: Ortega as Educator* (Teachers College Press). WILLIAM SAROYAN's latest book is *Places Where I've Done Time* (Praeger). PETER MEINKE teaches at Eckerd College. SUSAN PREVIANT LEE is a graduate student at Columbia, and Columbia economics teacher PETER PASSELL is the co-author of *The Retreat from Riches* (Viking). Our roaming TV critic CRAWFORD WOODS is back east from New Mexico and trying out, for the summer, Vermont.

ive of traditional American ideals." Which means, I suppose, that the evidence will prove whatever you like.

The roots of the intellectuals' attitude Pells traces to the waning days of the Progressive impulse in the 1920s. As it happened, *The New Republic* of the time could be read as a chronicle of how liberal intellectuals, disillusioned by the war, the peace and intervention in Russia, abandoned Progressive idealism. They sought to update Herbert Croly's vision, to find a compromise between abstract theory and practical politics. When social scientists William Ogburn and the Lynds promoted the idea of "cultural lag," it seemed a logical proposition: men had to renounce 19th-century capitalist values—individualism, competition, the accumulation of wealth—or they could never use their marvelous technology to improve the quality of American life. Stuart Chase and John Dewey addressed this very point in the pages of *The New Republic*, where George Soule struggled (vainly) with the economic aspects of the same problem. By the time the depression hit, most intellectuals had already debated the weaknesses of the system; they were ready for a radical ideology that could be practically applied. In this sense they were far ahead of the masses of Americans—and would remain out of touch with them throughout the decade.

Pells' survey of political and economic thought in the Depression years centers largely on the response of *New Republic*-type liberals and breaks no new ground. Edmund Wilson, John Chamberlain, Lincoln Steffens and men around them finally rejected liberalism because, Pells concludes, "it no longer seemed an emotionally satisfying guide to life." Wilson put it better: "What we have lost is . . . not merely our way in the economic labyrinth but our conviction of the value of what [we] were doing."

The attractive cultural alternative became, as we know, the example of Soviet Russia. But the model of Russia was incidental; politically such men as Chase, Soule, Alfred Bingham and Adolf Berle longed for a *coherent* social order, a rational community that would be "liberal in strategy, socialist in ultimate aims." This is why the seeming confusion of the Roosevelt administration bothered many intellectuals: "aimless experiment, sporadic patchwork," Lewis Mumford called it. The same observers were baffled by the absence of movement (let alone support) among

the people. "There is so very little bitterness," Sherwood Anderson confessed. In the cities and towns and on the farms, Pells writes, "suffering produced only frustration, apathy, and a sense of defeat."

Right here is one of those crucial questions about the '30s that Pells recognizes but never follows up. Why was it that most Americans blamed not the system but themselves? Why was it that while intellectuals searched for an ideology, women were learning how to use deodorant and men were lining up in hotel ballrooms to enroll in Dale Carnegie courses? The answers to these questions would tell us a great deal about the American character, but such matters are beyond the limits Pells has set for himself.

He prefers to follow courses already charted—for example the intellectuals' fascination with the possibilities of collectivism. In cultural terms this often translated itself into a special interest in the lives of ordinary men—how their perceptions and behavior were influenced by the social setting and shaped by myths and rituals. As Pells shows, writers and thinkers tried to accommodate collectivism in different ways—most importantly Mumford, Dewey and Lynd through some form of socialism, Sidney Hook through Marxism and Reinhold Niebuhr through what Pells calls the "existentialist" approach.

All this is very familiar, and when Pells moves on to literature, the arts and popular culture, academic rigor mortis sets in. These should have been the most absorbing sections of his study, but he is no good at all on conveying the spirit either of the times or of the individuals he has chosen to represent them. He has no eye for the incisive quotation, no disposition for a moment's wit or humor. His exegesis of a Marx Brothers movie is guaranteed to spoil these funny men for us forever. His chapter on "Literary Theory and the Intellectual," which focuses on the work of Edmund Wilson, Malcolm Cowley, Joseph Freeman, Granville Hicks and Michael Gold, considers some crucial questions: *how* to become committed (really, how to handle Marxism), what kind of new identity to accept, how to blend thought with action and get back into American life. Yet Pells does little more than recite the positions of each of them, thereby failing to achieve the necessary perspective that would make his book his own.

While these men of letters were jug-

gling ideologies, other writers, according to Pells, "chose to let the facts speak for themselves." Thus the emphasis on the documentary approach, as in Agee and Evans' *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men* (which Pells unconvincingly labels the decade's greatest literary achievement). Here the Susman thesis comes in strong. Thus on closer inspection the novels of the Depression—in particular Robert Cantwell's *Land of Plenty*, James Farrell's *Studs Lonigan*, Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, and Dos Passos' *U.S.A.*—are found by Pells to be anything but radical. Their work seems to him introspective, traditionalist and apolitical. The argument is important—though he muffs it by trying to push *U.S.A.* into the slot, finding it not so much an attack on the American system as a lament about growing old!—and he does follow Susman's lead in blaming the mass media—especially radio and the movies—for helping to pacify Americans who were "too tired to read or think or act." Aside from Susman, Pells here draws heavily on the ideas of Robert Warshaw (on the gangster movie), Richard Schickel (on Disney's cartoon features) and others. The mass media presaged the decline of radicalism in the late '30s. When the Popular Front arose to combat fascism, it attracted liberals because, as Pells notes, "it treated social change as an evolutionary process." The revolutionary spirit—never alive among Americans generally—now died among intellectuals as well. Pells thinks this is because the Popular Front offered "a set of attitudes, a sense of commitment, and a feeling of moral certainty at precisely the moment when the tension and turmoil of the depression years had grown intolerable. In the late 1930s intellectuals as well as ordinary people . . . could not live with ambiguity, paradox, and contradiction. . . ." Enter the kind of new patriotism that after the war would produce an entrenched anti-communism and paralyze a generation of intellectuals.

And so the failure of radicalism to touch the people, and the eventual reaffirmation of traditional values, he suggests but unfortunately does not elaborate upon, appears as somehow a failure of will brought on by the peculiar character of American conditioning. Too bad he does not follow up the suggestion. If many revisionist historians can be damned for approaching their research with a preconceived thesis,

one wishes Pells had pushed his preconceptions farther. Without them, and lacking historical imagination, he has given us only a useful source for the major study still to be written.

Ivan R. Dee

In Brief

Social Sciences As Sorcery
by Stanislaw Andreski

(St. Martin's; \$7.95)

On the academic scene for years the humanities people, who have plenty to grumble about in their own ranks, have grumbled instead about the pretensions of their competitors in the social sciences. Professor Andreski's 230-page grumble from *inside* the social sciences would therefore appear to be an occasion for handrubbing and backslapping over in English and History, particularly since Andreski's chief targets are those that the humanities people have always chosen, namely the jargon masters and those Andreski describes as "number maniacs." Andreski is positively fierce here; he has a real passion for polemic, and almost no sentence is without a sharp edge. He indulges himself for example in several pages of delighted annoyance at the antics of a Harvard professor who decided to make something scientific of the word "need" and therefore called it "n" and put it before rather than behind its qualifier—thus "n-understanding." Andreski plays around with the n's unlimited uses, abbreviates the second word too and finally comes up with "n-Bam," namely the need to bamboozle. He similarly complains about formidable new coinages like "ethnomethodology," which is merely a jawbreaker for "observing how people live," and "enculturated," which indicates no more than a sharing of habits, cultures and beliefs. He is fairly sparing of instances, but on their significance he is relentless. The verbal finagling and phony quantifying that he finds all around him in his profession are not, he believes, merely manifestations of petty academicism but conceal a tremendous ignorance of the nature of society and history, and are as well symptomatic of a pervasive dishonesty in the ranks of our academics, many of whom he regards not as scien-

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tists but witch doctors concealing their manipulative designs upon society behind a scientific front—hence the book's title. He passes with swift contempt the popularizers like Desmond Morris "whose pseudo-science provides an uneducated public and semi-literate scientists with an excuse for titillating themselves with rather childish pornography," and the collectivized compilers of nonbooks, and comes to roost chiefly with the "structural functionalists" led by Talcott Parsons and the latter-day cyberneticists. For a considerable stretch in the middle of this polemic it even appears that his annoyance with Talcott Parsons is the chief occasion for the book, but with a characteristically wicked backhand he then tells us of "R. K. Merton, whose disservice to sociology has been more insidious than that of Talcott Parsons because, free from the latter's monumental muddle-headedness, he was able to sterilize the subject without falling into absurdity." Later he goes on to other villains like Lévi-Strauss, finally listing the chief offenders by comparing them with Marx and Engels, who are far from being his heroes: "The works of either Marx or Engels alone have infinitely greater value than the total output of Parsons, Merton, Easton, Homans, Deutsch, Lazarsfeld, Skinner, Gurvitch, Lévi-Strauss and all their associates, disciples, followers and sympathizers put together."

The diatribe of an enraged insider, it is finally very rough-going for the outsider, even though he might like to sympathize. The book's negative vigor—or perhaps one should say vigor-neg?—is of an internecine intensity that weakens its underlying good sense.

Yours, and Mine (Novella and Stories) by Judith Rascoe

(Atlantic-Little, Brown; \$6.95)

'Tis a novella, the title tale, recounting a love that burned out in New York and just might rekindle in California. It is nicely told, with a framework of family backgrounds shared by the two young people in and around Santa Barbara. Rascoe is good at playing off the fear and loneliness of the older people against similar emotions of the young.

Being of the whimper school, the novella ends on a note of heavy but

uncertain signification. "A magazine had pictures of it [an oil slick in Santa Barbara] and I had cut one out. It shows a man standing in the water and holding up a dying bird. You can't tell its species. It had seen a fish glinting through a wave, I suppose, but when it dived to seize it, oil flowed over the surface of the water and clung to its feathers, and it couldn't fly away. The oil companies have promised to rescue as many of these birds as they can."

Unfortunately a similar devotion to mixing obscurity and misfortune pervades the rest of the collection. Judith Rascoe has strength right now, and her promise is exciting, but this book contains too many stories in which the litany of unhappiness drowns out all else: a failed marriage; a failed childhood; a failed parenthood; a failed fill-in-the-blank. The impact that these tales made when published individually is undercut by a sense of too-muchness when they are run together.

Kulubi by Edmund P. Murray

(Crown; \$8.50)

This novel has so many characters that they jostle each other like yokels at a fair. And a fair of sorts is in fact at the center of the action, a sacred festival in the mountains of Ethiopia to which those who have been blessed by St. Gabriel in the previous year straggle from all over to give thanks. Dozens of representative Ethiopian figures gather in these pages, as do a few Americans, some black, some white—and the effect is like a large outdoor *Grand Hotel*, with the camera moving constantly from one cluster of actors to another. Unfortunately author Edmund Murray wants to have his cake and eat it; he tries to achieve simultaneously a drama of sharp contrasts and a probing study. He fails with the former: the contrasts are lost in endless minutiae and repetitive dialogue.

As a probe, though, the book must be reckoned with. Murray knows Ethiopia well. He has obviously lived through the scenes he depicts (the dustjacket tells us he was "a high-level adviser to the Ethiopian Ministry of Information for six years"), and as a dedicated student of the endless problems of how black may live with white, how American black may live with African black, and even how one Ethiopian may live

with another, he provides the reader with an astutely variegated display of cultural and racial difference. To achieve the necessary panoramic effect he is obliged to provide us with two primary observers, one a white American named Harry Comfort who is stupid and well-intentioned and determined to write a book about Ethiopia, and the other an Ethiopian intellectual named Tesfaye Tessema who already knows what Harry must grow up to know. It's an awkward arrangement novelistically—but vital to the final mission of Edmund Murray, which would seem to be not to write a novel at all but genuinely "tell the world what Ethiopia is." *Kulubi* goes quite a way in that direction.

Ben Shahn, Photographer edited by Margaret R. Weiss

(Da Capo Press, 227 West 17th St., NYC, 10011; \$10)

In the 1930s Ben Shahn worked with Walker Evans and other photographers for one of the government's many socially oriented art projects of the time, this one under the supervision of Roy E. Stryker and aimed to document the lives of the "starved, stalled and stranded" in rural America. The photographic genre in which Shahn and the others then performed is now excessively familiar—for in a sense the camera came of age as a recording device in that remarkable period, so that social photography is now Walker Evans and the '30s—and certainly Shahn never thought of himself as a great leader in the photographic art, or even a thoroughgoing professional. He simply did his job for Stryker and the Farm Security Administration, and he did it by taking trips with his Leica into the South and Midwest and snapping away, later to use many of the pictures as a base for paintings. In other words the picture-taking itself was for him not primarily art: "I never think about composition when I shoot. If my photographs have what is called composition, then that is so much velvet."

Yet in the straightforwardness of the pictures—which are indeed largely uncomposed and have the flavor of remarkably clear spontaneous snapshots—there resides great artistic strength. Shahn was fascinated by contrasts—such as dressiness in drab surroundings, sensitive faces through murky windows,

solemnity amid gaiety—as well as by funny hats, tawdry signs and all kinds of *grotesquerie*—but the strength lay in his finding in the middle of all that, infallibly, the strong seriousness, the essential vigor of the destitute. Occasionally he caught them head-on, starting him down—there's a remarkable shot (plate 51), for example, of a gaunt Ozark mother wearing a knitted cap and holding a sleeping baby in a beat-up open car and simply destroying the whole capitalist system with her *look*—but mostly the people are caught from a distance or from the back or in crowds. No matter the technique there is always the purity of the real thing, an honest man trying to see honestly.

The book has a short but excellently meaty introduction by the editor Margaret Weiss.

Kauffmann, from page 22

and cast the role "color-blind." The film producers, on the other hand, seem to have scratched around for a black performer (not Vereen) just so they could cast the role black.

But Mr. Strober says that when a Jewish priest holds out the bag of silver pieces for Judas and Judas reaches for it, "the priest drops it to the ground with a contemptuous smirk. One wonders in what way this detail might activate certain stereotypes in Americans' minds." All that it activated in this American's mind was a memory of the moment in *The Informer* when the British officer pushed the pay-off money with his baton across the table to Victor McLaglen. The officer had a contemptuous smirk, too.

When tanks and pursuit planes bear down on Judas in the desert, I didn't remotely take this as "a caricature of the supposed 'ruthless power' of modern Israel." I took it as a modern analogue of Roman might in a film, made in Israel, that was deliberately mixing past and present.

It would waste space to repeat my criticism of the work as such; anyone interested can see *TNR*, Nov. 6, 1971. Norman Jewison, who made the clunky film of *Fiddler on the Roof*, clunks worse here. Jesus again screams and sings in falsetto, as he did on Broadway. (The film Jesus was the show's understudy; and there

are some other members of the Broadway cast here.) Douglas Slocombe's color photography makes the average tourist postcard look restrained. As for theology, *Godspell* seems relatively more mature, and cinematically it's much more enjoyable.

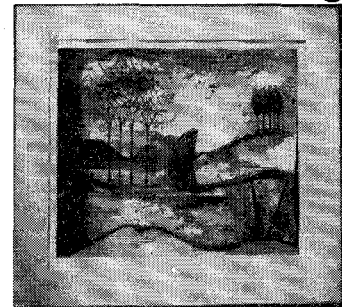
Live and Let Die (United Artists). The new James Bond is the worst I've seen. From the start of the series I felt that Sean Connery wasn't exactly right for the role, that it needed someone classier, someone you could believe in as both 007 and oenophile. Now Roger Moore is in the role, is smooth and handsome enough but lacks force, and in this latest script isn't given much chance to use his smoothness. He's mostly the action hero with little chance to be the epicure, so it might as well still be Connery.

This new script by Tom Mankiewicz is very low on mechanical ingenuity—the variety of lethal gadgets, for instance—and very strained in story. Guy Hamilton, who directed, has done past Bonds better. Assigned to the US, Bond is here dealing with a gang running dope from a Caribbean island to America and the world, for money and political reasons. Lots of chances to use black actors—in fact, except for a few token black good guys, the film is white against black. Bond pictures, at their best, have been animated comic books for grown-ups. This one is less animated, less grown-up.

Battle for the Planet of the Apes (Twentieth Century-Fox). I walked out of *Planet of the Apes* five years ago because I didn't think anything was amusing but the masks. I went to see this fourth sequel because the series has been so successful. Still unamusing except for the masks, but it's passable small kids' stuff. After that Last War in the future, gentle and civilized apes have humans as servants. A gang of human mutant survivors of the Bomb try to wipe them all out but are wiped out themselves. Apes and Good Humans become brothers, possibly. All this is framed with narrative by John Huston as an ape sage.

One way to make a "huge epic" on a small budget is to deal with the survivors of the Last War. I don't think there could have been 100 people, total, in the final big battle. And I don't know which was wheeziest: the plot, the acting, the dialogue, or the homilies. These apes—or gorillas or orangutans or whatever they are—are mechanical bores. If the next of the series takes them further into the future, we can expect *A Clockwork Orang*.

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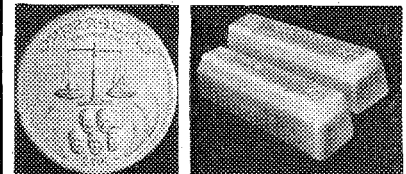
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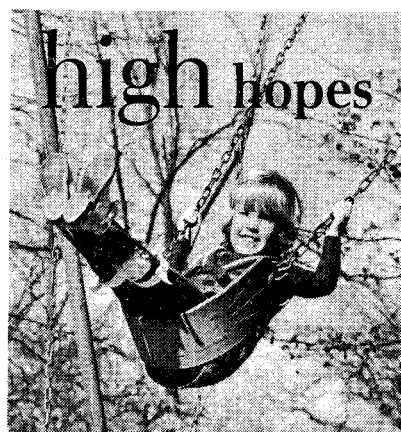
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Where are the bikeways?

You've probably heard a lot about today's bicycle boom and the many advantages bicycling offers. It is clean, quiet, inexpensive, energy-efficient, healthful — and fun. You might say the bicycle is one of the world's greatest inventions!

However, there is one big, sobering drawback: Bicycling in North America today simply isn't safe! An estimated 900 bicycle riders will be killed and more than 40,000 injured in bike-auto accidents this year alone in the United States. Most of these accidents could be avoided with adequate bikeways — separate pathways just for bicycles and safe routes in conjunction with roads.

But: *Where are the bikeways?* This country's 80 million cyclists have only 16,000 miles of bikeways, or about 13 inches for each bike rider! Compare that with the 3 million miles of paved roads available to 90 million motorists. And most of the existing bikeways are far from ideal. Instead of protective curbing to separate bikes from autos, you usually find just white lines or signs along the road's edge, which do little more than lull both cyclists and motorists into a false sense of security.

Who is holding things up?

Why aren't our millions of bicycle-riding taxpayers provided with better, safer facilities? Because most government bodies continue to pump our money into still more roads, highways, and freeways. Their actions make us even more dependent on automobiles, which results in more smog, noise, and traffic congestion — not to mention depletion of the world's natural resources.

And what about the citizens who must rely on alternate transportation? Half of our nation's adults do without the automobile, by need or by choice. Yet no major bikeway, bus or rail transit funds have been made available, and proposals fall ridiculously short of the *real needs*. The problem is further compounded by the fact that attempts to solve our transportation dilemma with gas tax funds continue to meet vehement opposition from powerful road and highway lobbies.



Photo by Jack Wilson

What could a bicycle community be like?

Here's a practical, viable alternative. Well-defined bikeways, separated from cars, radiate from residential neighborhoods to schools. On-street car parking gives way to protected bikeways on key thoroughfares. Bicycle storage facilities are located throughout the city. Commuters bicycle to public transportation stations, store their vehicles, and continue by bus or rail into commercial sectors of the city. Buses going into the countryside have racks to hold bicycles. Adequate bus and rail facilities play a key role, especially during bad weather. That's what we could have!

Friends For Bikeology is trying to help

Friends For Bikeology has been working two years for more and safer bikeways. We sponsored National Bikeology Week in May 1972, involving thousands of people in more than 70 cities throughout the nation. This activity served to publicize our ideas and goals and to win the support of many legislators and planners.

We have two main objectives. First, to see that bicycle, bus, and rail transportation receive an equitable share of public funds. In 1972, \$22 billion of our gasoline and property taxes were spent in the United States for roads and highways, while *less than one billion* went for public transportation. And practically nothing was provided for bikeways! We must convince

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policy makers to support a balanced transportation system, including bikeways. Motorists will also benefit because congestion on roads and highways would be relieved.

Our second objective is to convince planners to "THINK BIKE!" They should see the bicycle as an essential part of the larger transportation system and an integral part of community life.

The facts are on our side. Traffic studies show that 43% of all urban work trips made by automobiles are four miles or less; and in 9 out of 10 trips, the driver is the sole occupant. These trips could just as easily be made on bicycles. Bicycles will even conserve the taxpayers' dollars. For example, a downtown auto parking structure costs approximately \$4000 for each car space — enough to build an enclosed facility that can hold 150 bicycles!

How you can help Bikeology help you

We can help bring about needed changes that will benefit everyone.

Bike rider or not, if you are interested in a safer, more sensible transportation system, please send us a contribution of \$5 or more. You can also help by writing your local, state and federal representatives, asking them what they are doing to support bicycling and public transportation facilities.

As a Bikeology supporter, you will receive a copy of our poster-style newsletter, "Serendipity" — a mosaic of bike-related items.

Please mail the coupon and your check for \$5 or more to help Friends For Bikeology continue this important work. Thank you.

Ken Kolsbun

KEN KOLSBUN, Executive Director



TNR 3

Friends For Bikeology
1035 E. De La Guerra St.
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I am enclosing my contribution of \$5 or more to help Friends For Bikeology in their endeavor to obtain sound transportation including more and safer bikeways.

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